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A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY ALICE BALCH ABBOT.

MRS. BALLARD was seated at her sitting-room window one afternoon in April. Her work lay unheeded in her lap, for her eyes were fixed on the figure of her twelve-year-old daughter, who had just turned the street-corner half a block away. As she watched the regular rise and fall of the red wing in the jaunty sailor hat, and noted the steady swing of the short brown skirt, Mrs. Ballard thought of a remark made by a neighbor a few days before: "It is a perfect pleasure to watch your Frances walk. She seems to put her whole self into every step she takes."

Then, as the erect little figure turned in at the gate, and the mother caught a glimpse of the bright, earnest face, she said to herself:

"That is true of Frances in more than her walking."

Three minutes later, there was a rush over the stairs, and the daughter danced into the room, saying, "Oh, mother, I have had such an interesting afternoon!"

Mrs. Ballard looked up with a smile of welcome; but no words were necessary, for, with a whirl of skirts, Frances had seated herself on the stool at her mother's side, and after a moment's pause for breath had begun the story of the "interesting afternoon." "You

know you said I might go home with Jessie Whitney to luncheon, some time. She asked me to-day, and I went. Jessie's mother is to have a sort of tea-party to-morrow, because it's the battle of Lexington, and she is to wear a dress made of buff and blue, like the Continental uniforms, and she showed me some diamond shoe-buckles, and you can't belong unless your grandfather was in the Revolution; and I want to know whether I can be one when I grow up." Frances paused for breath and an answer to her question. Then, seeing the amused look in her mother's face, she said:

"I know you are thinking you would like me to parse what I just said; but please answer my question, and then I'll go back and straighten it out."

"As far as I could understand, you asked if you could be a grandfather when you grew up."

"Now, mother, of course I meant a 'Daughter of the Revolution.' That's what Mrs. Whitney is, and the society is to meet there to-morrow; but I want to know if any of my grandfathers fought in the Revolution. Did they?"

"Well, really I don't know, dear," was Mrs. Ballard's answer. "I have never inquired."

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"Well, have we anything that used to belong to our 'great-greats'?"

"Not an heirloom do we possess, to my knowledge," was the discouraging reply.

"I do wish we had," sighed Frances. "Only think how proud Jessie must be! They have the diamond shoe-buckles that belonged to her great-great-grandfather, who was a lieutenant in the Continental army. When I asked where he fought, Mrs. Whitney laughed, and said that all she knew about him was that he was said to have had the best-dressed hair in his regiment. Was n't that funny? I do hope, if we are descended from anybody, he will turn out to be a captain or a general that did something like — well — like Anthony Wayne at Stony Point; but I can't help wishing that he left something like shoe-buckles: Mrs. Whitney's slippers did look so pretty!"

Mrs. Ballard smiled.

"I am afraid there is very little hope for the buckles, even if we can discover the grandfather. We must ask your father to-night. Perhaps he is better acquainted with his ancestors than I seem to be."

That evening, dinner being comfortably under way, Frances was waiting eagerly for the question that must be asked and answered before she could hope for the desired information.

When, at length, her father said, "How did the lessons go off to-day?" her answer came like a flash:

"Pretty well; that Partial Payments example was all right, and I declined *bonus* without a

mistake. History was n't so good, because I forgot which of those miserable French and Indian wars was ended by the treaty of Ryswick; but I know now, it was King William's. That's all, I think. And now, please, may I ask you a question?"

"You may, Miss Ballard; but, after the varied learning displayed in your last remark, I tremble for my reputation."



"OH, MOTHER, I HAVE HAD SUCH AN INTERESTING AFTERNOON!"

"It's only this — did you have any grandfather in the Revolutionary War?"

Mr. Ballard looked thoughtful for a moment, then shook his head, saying: "I really cannot tell. Is there any reason why such a possession should be especially desired?"

"I wanted to know if I could be a Daughter of the Revolution some day," answered Frances, with a look of disappointment.

"Ah! I see," said her father; "and you want to have a part in all these buff-and-blue luncheons and tea-drinkings on battle-grounds. Well, there is no great hurry. Perhaps by the time he is needed we shall have invented the necessary grandfather."

"But I don't want to invent him; I want him to really be, and I want to know about him now. It is n't just because of the society, but I think it would make me feel better to have him. Is n't there any one we could ask?" And Frances waited eagerly for an answer to her question.

After a moment's thought Mr. Ballard said, more hopefully:

"I declare, I believe Seth Hunter might know. When I visited there as a boy, I recollect that our games were always of a decidedly Revolutionary character."

Frances became interested at once. "Who is he, father?" she asked.

"A cousin of mine and yours."

"Were his grandfathers the same as ours?"

"Some of them, probably; for his mother and mine were sisters."

"Will you write to him to-morrow?"

Mr. Ballard looked amused. "Don't you think, as you are the one desiring the information, that you had better do the writing?"

"But I have never seen him," said Frances, in dismay; "and he 's a grown-up man, and perhaps he does n't like girls. Is he married?"

"Not that I know of; he and his sister Eliza live together in the old Hunter house, in one of the towns near Boston."

Mr. Ballard wrote a few words on a card, and then handed it to his daughter, saying:

"There is the address. Write as soon as you like, and give them my best regards."

Frances sighed. "Well, I suppose I shall have to do it, for I really think I cannot get along without knowing about my ancestors."

The next afternoon the following letter was produced for Mrs. Ballard's approval:

DEAR COUSIN SETH HUNTER: I am the daughter of your Cousin Henry Ballard, and I want to ask you if you know whether any grandfather of yours and mine

fought in the Revolutionary War. I hope he did. Father thought that perhaps you would know. He does n't. If it would n't be too much trouble, I should like an answer soon. Father sends his best regards, and I do too. Good-by.

Your sincere cousin,

FRANCES STANTON BALLARD.

The mother handed it back. "Yes, I think it will do very well; but don't expect an answer too soon."

"I'll try to think it won't come for two weeks; then if it does, I shall be surprised."

And Frances *was* surprised, for two days later, when she came down to the breakfast-table, the answer to her letter was lying by her plate.

DEAR COUSIN FRANCES: I was very glad to receive your letter this morning, and I hasten to reply. Your great-great-grandfather Middleton fought at Bunker Hill and remained with the Continental army throughout the war. If you ever come this way I shall be pleased to show you something that belonged to him, that is now in my possession. Kindly remember me to your father. It is many years since I have seen him. Cousin Eliza and I are all that are now left in the old home. We wish we could know our cousins better, for we are growing old. It would give us both great pleasure to welcome you to our home. Hoping that I have given you the desired information, I remain,

Your ob'd't cousin,

SETH HUNTER.

Frances looked up from the letter, with shining eyes. "What a very nice man! Can't we go and visit him, father?"

"To whom do you refer?—the grandfather you wanted?"

"No, indeed;—Cousin Seth; but the grandfather is all right, and he fought at Bunker Hill. Cousin Seth has something that belonged to him. Mother,—do you suppose it could be shoe-buckles?"

"I am afraid not," was Mrs. Ballard's answer.

"Well! perhaps it is a sword. I don't know but that I would rather have it a sword, and perhaps it will have jewels on the hilt. Do you think it will, father?"

"I think my little girl's imagination is running away with her," said Mr. Ballard. "In fact, I very much doubt if grandfather was more than a private. But the fact of his being in the army is all you will need for your membership."

"I believe I had almost forgotten the so-

ciety," exclaimed Frances; "but I am glad I can be a 'Daughter' some day."

Mrs. Ballard had finished reading Frances's letter, and handed it to her husband, saying:

"Did n't you tell me that you would be obliged to go on to Boston in June?"

"So I expect, as affairs are at present."

"Could n't you stop at Southville, and see these cousins?"

"And take me too?" broke in Frances.

"Take you—you mother-lover? Why, I should be away four or five days. How would you stand that?"

But even that prospect did not daunt his daughter.

When June came Frances carried her point, went with her father, made the acquaintance of her cousins, and returned from her trip bubbling over with delightful experiences to relate to her mother.

"I did have such a beautiful time! Cousin Seth and Cousin Eliza were so good to me. They live in a great square white house, and I slept in a high-post bedstead with curtains. But I won't tell those things now, because I want to begin right off about Grandfather Middleton and his possession. I wish I could tell about it the way I feel. It's a Bible; just a plain brown leather one, mother, but he carried it with him in the battle of Bunker Hill and all through the war. The number of his gun is inside the back cover, and on the blank page between the Testaments are some words he wrote right after the fight—I copied them." And Frances took a folded paper from her pocket, then read slowly:

"Cambridge, June 17, 1775—I desire to bless God for His kind appearance in delivering me and sparing my life in the late battle fought on Bunker's Hill, and I desire to devote this spared life to his glory and honor. As witness my hand, FRANCIS MIDDLETON."

"Only think, mother! his first name was like mine. I am so glad. I do wish you could see the Bible yourself; then perhaps you would know how I felt when I held it in my hands. It just seemed as if I must do something besides look at it, and it made me think what a dreadful solemn time it was to live. I asked

Cousin Seth if grandfather was a minister after the war; and he said no, that he just settled down and was a brave, honest citizen, as he had been a brave, honest soldier; for he *was* only a private, mother, and there was n't any sword or buckles. I was a little sorry at first, but I am not any more; and somehow, now I know that I had such a grandfather, I wish I could do something to deserve him. I told Cousin Seth about the 'Daughters of the Revolution,' and he said he guessed we could n't know much of what the real daughters had to bear—that it cost something to be an American woman in those days as well as an American man, and that it took grit to deserve such a title. I told him I would try to be patriotic if I was a boy, but girls never had any chance except in stories, where they find out enemy's plots, and ride all night to warn soldiers that are in danger. Cousin Seth was so nice! he never laughed at all, but said I could be a brave, honest citizen just as well as a boy. Was n't it funny I could talk to him about such things?—for I was a little afraid of him at first, because he is very tall and grand-looking, and his hair is grayer than father's, and his lips shut very tight; but he and Cousin Eliza like little girls, and some day I want to make them a long visit." Frances paused; then, drawing a long breath, she asked, "*Do* you suppose I shall ever have a chance to do something that would make me *deserve* to be called a Daughter of the Revolution?"

Three years later, that question was answered.

It was just after Frances's fifteenth birthday that those black clouds called business troubles, which for many anxious days had been hovering above the Ballard home, at length lifted, and passed over; but the household sky, from which they had passed, was only gray, not clear blue.

"No, dear, there is no danger, now, of a failure; but father thinks that he will be obliged to go to England for two years, to take charge of the interests there," was the answer given by Mrs. Ballard to an inquiry of her daughter's concerning that important subject, "father's business."

"Go to England!" was Frances's amazed exclamation. Then the questions followed thick

and fast, till at length came the one the mother had been dreading.

"If we go abroad, what am I to do about going to school?"

Mrs. Ballard paused before answering, and Frances remarked:

"If I had known this, I should n't have felt so

year, but thought we would not be willing to send you so far away; but now, as we are to be in England, you could spend your vacations with us, and that could not be if we should leave you at school in this country."

"But, mother," gasped Frances, "you and father have n't decided yet?"



THE FAMILY COUNCIL.

badly when father told me he could n't afford to let me go away to boarding-school next year."

"How would you like to try that arrangement in Paris?"

"Mother!" was all Frances said, with a quick glance to ascertain whether Mrs. Ballard was in earnest.

"I really mean it, dear. We had a letter from Aunt Addie yesterday; she is very anxious that we should let her send you to the school, in Paris, that she attended when she was your age. It seems she wished to propose it last

"No, indeed. Father thinks you are old enough to have a voice in the matter yourself. I believe he intends showing you Aunt Addie's letter this evening. And now, I am afraid that the rest of the questions must be put off; for I promised Mrs. Lake that I would call this afternoon."

Frances waited, in silence, till her mother was about leaving the room, then said suddenly:

"When the Bradleys sent Nora to France, did n't father say he thought American schools ought to be good enough for American children?"

Mrs. Ballard looked perplexed as she answered slowly:

"I know he was surprised at their doing it; but I cannot remember what he said"; then, seeing the serious look on her daughter's face, the mother bent and kissed her, saying: "Don't worry more than you can help, little daughter. It is going to be hard for us, I know, but you and I must therefore do all we can to help your father."

That night Mr. Ballard did not return from business till after his daughter's regular bedtime.

As he came into the library, his wife said:

"I have told Frances that we are to go to England, and also of Addie's plan; but I fear it is too late to discuss it to-night."

Mr. Ballard seated himself in his arm-chair, then, drawing his daughter down on his knee, asked, with a keen glance into the face near his own:

"And what does Frances think of the great European question?"

"Will you let me wait three days, before I tell you and mother what I think?" was the answer that surprised her father.

"Putting off hard things makes them no easier to decide," he remarked; then, seeing the earnest look in his daughter's gray eyes, he took an envelop from his pocket, saying, "Here is Aunt Addie's letter for you to read, Frances; and suppose we say that the case will be called on Saturday evening. Will that suit?"

"Beautifully!" answered Frances. "Now, I want to ask one question before I go to bed. Did n't you say that you wanted me to go to college, some day?"

Mr. Ballard looked serious. "I did hope for it once; but there can be no looking ahead now."

"But if your business should be all right, and I should be prepared, when I am seventeen, you would like me to go?"

"I certainly should; but those are very large 'ifs.'"

"That 's all," said Frances, with a nod of her curly head; then said her good-nights and left the room.

Mr. Ballard waited till she was out of hearing, then asked his wife:

"What schemes are under way in that small head?"

"None, that I know of."

"I declare, I wish there need be no question of school, at all; but she is such a bright little student, and these next two years are such important ones, that I feel we must give her every advantage. But if I thought a foreign school would affect her as it did Nora Bradley!—" and Mr. Ballard paused, with such a frown that his wife hastened to say:

"Frances is n't Nora, by any means; and a French school turned out Addie Stanton; and you have always admired her."

"And I do still. She is one of the most brilliant women I have ever met; but I should not care to have my daughter resemble even her, in every respect."

Meanwhile the daughter in question was seated in her room, with Aunt Addie's letter before her. The writer was not her own aunt; but having been the most intimate friend of Mrs. Ballard's girlhood, she had always claimed Frances as a niece, by right of the love she bore the girl's mother, and for the "Stanton" in the daughter's name. Frances had often wondered whether any real relative could have been kinder than this fascinating "aunt by courtesy." Beginning with the beautiful silver baby-service, the list of her gifts had grown with the years. The pretty silver buckle that clasped Frances's belt, and the dainty chatelaine that hung at her waist, were both from the same generous hand. Her glove and handkerchief boxes were the envy of all her friends, who used to sigh for an aunt who was constantly going to Paris.

"Just like Aunt Addie!" was Frances's verdict, as she read the generous offer, made in such a delicate way that the writer seemed asking a favor, not conferring one. There was one especial message to the girl herself: "Tell Frances that I shall be in Paris next winter, and have already planned such shopping and sight-seeing as she could never dream." To see Paris with such a guide as fascinating Aunt Addie was certainly an alluring prospect; but there was another side to the question. Frances put the letter back into its envelope; then, clasping both hands around her knee, proceeded

to think her hardest, for a quarter of an hour. The result of that fifteen minutes' cogitation was a letter written before breakfast, the next morning, and sent by the early mail.

Saturday evening, after dinner, Mr. Ballard remarked:

"The great Ballard Educational Case will now be called. The jury, being mother, will occupy the sofa; the judge, being myself, will take this arm-chair; and, let me see, which are you, Frances, plaintiff or defendant?"

"Defendant," answered his daughter, with a flash of her eyes.

"Ah!—and the plaintiff?" questioned Mr. Ballard.

"Aunt Addie's plan," was the quick reply.

"Very well," said Mr. Ballard. "The defendant may take her position on this chair between the judge and jury, and we will proceed, at once, to the arguments for the defense."

There was a moment's silence; then Frances said:

"Now, please, we won't joke any more; and I am afraid there are n't any arguments at all; but before I say anything about Aunt Addie's plan, I want you to read this letter from Cousin Seth, that came this morning. I wrote to him and Cousin Eliza, two days ago, asking, if you should decide to leave me in this country, whether they would like to have me come and stay with them and go to the high school there."

The father and mother were too surprised to speak, for a moment; then Mrs. Ballard took the letter from Frances's hand, while her husband said:

"So that was the reason for the three 'days of grace.' What put the notion into your head, daughter?"

"Do you remember when we were there, three years ago, Cousin Seth saying that when you and mother were tired of your daughter, they would be glad to adopt me?"

"So he did; and you took him at his word?" asked Mr. Ballard, with a look of amusement.

"Of course I did. They are n't the kind of people who say a thing unless they mean it," answered Frances, in a tone of conviction.

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Just then Mrs. Ballard looked up from the letter, saying:

"But even if we should consent, I thought you said you could never go to a public school."

"And I say now, mother, that I guess it would n't be any harder for me than for lots of other girls."

"That high school in Southville is one of the finest in New England," remarked Mr. Ballard. But the mother's thoughts were not of the excellence of the school—"Two whole years, Frances!—how could we bear it?"

The girl's lips quivered—"Please don't think about that now, mother, or I shall just begin to cry."

Meanwhile, the father had finished reading his cousin's letter, and, looking up, he said:

"No one could ask for anything more cordial than that. The plan is worthy of consideration; but now I should like



THE OLD SECRETARY AT SOUTHVILLE.

to hear what this wise young schemer has to say on the Paris question."

Frances clasped her hands tightly in her lap, drew one long breath, then looked straight into her father's eyes, saying:

"Just this: that unless you and mother think it would be the best thing for me, I do not

see how I could possibly do it. One reason is that if I study in French, I shall have to go back to all sorts of first things, and in two years I will not be ready for college, even if you can afford to send me; but that is n't the principal reason," and the girl stopped; then, with eyes fixed on her folded hands, and cheeks pink with earnestness, she said, in a voice that trembled in spite of her efforts to hold it steady:

"I don't know that I can make you understand; but I cannot bear to think of studying a geography that has a big map of France in the first place, after the hemispheres, and to always talk about '*États-Unis*,' instead of 'United States,' and to study with girls who think Brazil is right next New York, and who ask if we are n't afraid of the Indians. That was what Nora said they asked her; and she had to study French history, as if it were the most important kind. When I asked if it did not make her provoked, she laughed and said one became used to it. I don't see how I ever could, though I suppose I might, for Paris is lovely; and when I asked Aunt Addie if she liked France better than America, she said she would n't want to choose, but she really had to go over there, at least once in two years, to breathe. Then, when I told her that George Washington was my hero, she laughed and said that he used to be hers, but Napoleon was much more exciting. It is n't that I don't want to go abroad, for I do want to, very much; and some day I hope I shall travel all around, and I should feel just the same if it were any other country than France; but somehow it seems to me that going to school in a country would make me belong there, just as if, while I was doing it, I had to stop being an American altogether." With a catch in her breath, the girl's voice ceased.

The clock ticked loudly in the silent room, till Mr. Ballard, laying a caressing hand on the pretty bowed head, said, in the tones his daughter loved best:

"What a dear patriotic little woman it is!"

Then, as Frances looked up and he saw a misty gleam in her bright eyes, he said, comically:

"So the case has become one of international interest. As such questions deserve

serious consideration, I move that this court of arbitration be adjourned till further notice."

His daughter looked troubled.

"But, father, Aunt Addie comes next week, and you know how she can 'put things.'"

"I do, Miss Ballard, and I also know that some one else seems to possess that gift; and I think we may regard the American cause as ably defended. What do you say, mother?"

"I say that I think it is time for the defendant to go to bed"; then, drawing Frances to her side, the mother asked, gently:

"You really think you would be happier going to school in Southville than in Paris?"

"Yes, mother, I really do; but you and father won't think it will be easy for me to be away from you, will you?"

"My dear, I know my daughter too well for such thoughts, but," and the mother tenderly kissed the soft red lips, "after this evening, I think I shall know her better than ever before."

The school question was settled finally in accordance with Frances's plan.

The following week Miss Stanton came. Her niece almost dreaded seeing her; but there was no need to fear, for her aunt only said, as she kissed the girl on both cheeks, in her pretty French fashion:

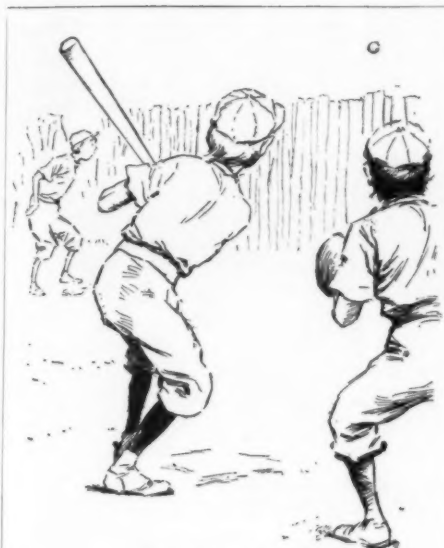
"So I am to wait until this loyal little citizen is fully armed with an American education, before I am allowed to show her the delights of my beloved Paris. Well, *ma chérie*, Europe will keep, and Aunt Addie thinks none the less of you; though she is not at all convinced," and her black eyes sparkled with mischief, "that it is not all your grand revenge for the slight she paid your beloved George Washington."

If you ask what Mr. Seth Hunter thought of his little cousin's decision, the answer to that question is written on a folded paper, locked carefully away in one of the brass-knobbed drawers of the old secretary in the Southville dining-room.

To my beloved cousin, Frances Stanton Ballard, I bequeath the Bible of my great-grandfather, Frances Middleton, which was bequeathed to me by my uncle Ezra Wood, who directed that I should dispose of said Bible to a direct descendant of its original owner, and that such descendant should be one whom I should deem worthy to possess so precious a treasure.

As witness my hand, SETH HUNTER.

TOMMY'S HOME RUN.



TOMMY KNOCKS A FLY—



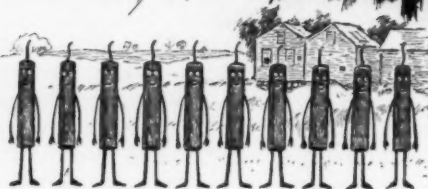
—OVER THE FENCE—



—AND MAKES A HOME RUN!

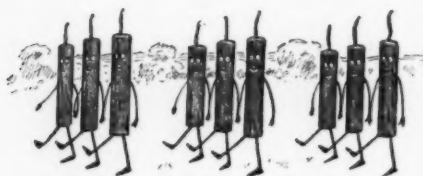
IN JULY

by A.S. Webb



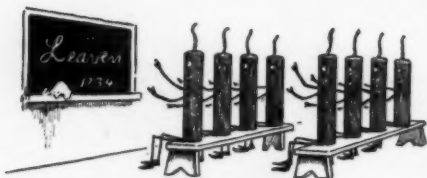
10

Ten little fire crackers
Standing in a line.
One thought he'd light a match
Then—
There were nine.



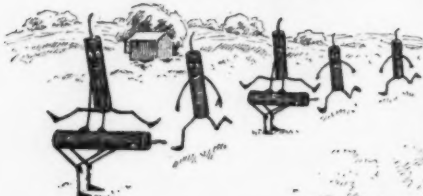
9

Nine little fire crackers
Walking very straight,
One caught an engine spark
Then—
There were eight.



8

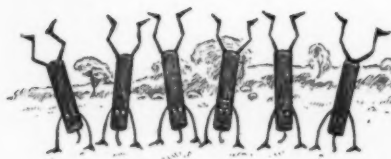
Eight little fire crackers,
Trying to spell 'LEAVEN',
One went by near the gas,
Then—
There were seven.



7

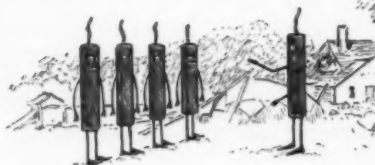
Seven little fire crackers,
Cutting up tricks,
One played with lighted punk
Then—
There were six.





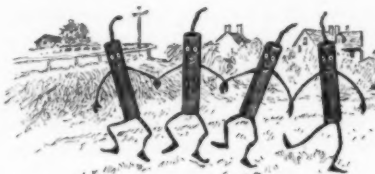
6

Six little fire crackers
Glad they are alive,
One went to have a look
then
There were five.



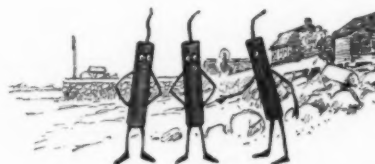
5

Five little fire crackers
Wishing there were more,
One went to find a friend
then
There were four.



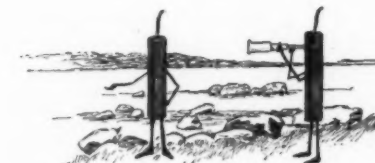
4

Four little fire crackers
Merry as could be,
One played upon the hearth
then
There were three.



3

Three little fire crackers
Puzzled what to do,
One stirred the kitchen fire
then
There were two.



2

Two little fire crackers
Looking for some fun,
One met a little boy
then
There was one.



1

One little fire cracker
Saw him down to cry,
'Tis such a risky thing
to live
In July.



"ALICE."

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

A GIRL there was—I knew her well—
Who bore the simple name of Alice;
But where she lived 't was hard to tell—
Now in a wood, now in a palace;
The reason for which curious way
Was her extraordinary habit,
When interrupted at her play,
Of following a whisking rabbit.

Or through the looking-glass she 'd pop
On days she did n't go with Bunny;
So her adventures would n't stop—
She 'd find a country just as funny.
I never knew another child
To meet with persons so surprising:
Such animals, *so* tame and mild;
Such food and drink, *so* appetizing!

She 'd eat a thing, and up she 'd grow
Much higher than the highest steeple;
Another bite, and down she 'd go
As short as Lilliputian people!
And she could swim, and she could fly,
And read the Jabberwocky writing;
In fact it is no use to try
To meet with things *half* so exciting.

But it was several years ago
I met this rarest of creations;
And here 's what I should like to know:
Does she keep up her explorations?
And does she meet the Cheshire Cat,
And find the Queen of Hearts a-roaring?
Is Humpty Dumpty just as fat,
And is the Dormouse still a-snoring?

And is the March Hare just as mad,
And is it tea-time with the Hatter?
Is the Mock Turtle just as sad;
Does Father William clear the platter?
And does she chase a Bandersnatch,
And lug about the tame Flamingo?
Do T. and T. fight out their match,
And does she hear the Gryphon's lingo?

The Aged Aged Man forlorn;
The Caterpillar with his notions;
The Dodo, Lion, Unicorn,
And those with Anglo-Saxon motions,—
Of these I 'd know, of every one,
And if they keep their curious habits.
In short, if Alice still doth run
Away with wild and whisking rabbits.

GLADNESS.

BY CHARLES B. GOING.

A WARMTH of gold, all summer stored,
The goldenrod gives up;
And filled from springtime's scantier hoard
Shines the sweet buttercup;
And from the singing of the breeze
And low, sweet sound of rain,
The little brook learns melodies
To sing them back again.

Forgotten all the cloudy sky
Of dark days overcast;
For flower-hearts let gloom go by,
But hold the sunshine fast.
And, all year long, the little burn,
Though wintry boughs be wet,
Picks out the happy days to learn—
The sad ones to forget.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH AND FIDDLEBACK.

BY JAMES BALDWIN.

AMONG the horses which one would like to own, I fancy that the steed which Oliver Goldsmith once refused to accept would be considered a treasure. The story that is connected with it is a true one, and for that reason is as worthy of being repeated as any tale of knighthood.

Poor "Goldy," as he was fondly nicknamed later in life, did not look much like a knight. Short of stature, with a homely face deeply scarred by the smallpox, awkward in his manners and movements, he would have made but a sorry figure in the lordly tournament or at a royal banquet. And yet he had within him not a little of the knightly spirit. Generous to a fault, daring even to foolhardiness, tender-hearted, impulsive—he was just the kind of man to ride through the world, seeking adventures, and risking his life in defense of the helpless and innocent. Had he lived in the days of chivalry, he would doubtless have been, in spite of his ugliness and ungainliness, a famous knight errant.

It is possible that when he rode into the Irish seaport of Cork, one fine morning nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, he had some very knightly thoughts in his mind. He was mounted on a handsome steed; he was clad, if not in armor, in the gayest suit of clothes that his tailor could be persuaded to make for him; he had thirty pounds of his own earnings in his pocket; and he was bound for America, a country in which there was still plenty of room for knightly prowess. His mother and his friends, whom he had left behind in the poor little village of Lissoy, knew nothing of his whereabouts. He was not at all disturbed by the fact that he had sadly disappointed all their hopes; for would they not hear of his success in the New World, and be proud of him?

Oliver had but lately completed a rather wild and irregular course of study in college, and his

kinsfolk had insisted that he should become a country parson, as his poor father had been before him. He felt his unfitness for such a calling, but he cared less for that than for some of the irksome restraints that it would impose. For instance, he could not bear the thought of being obliged to wear a long wig when he preferred a short one, or of being always dressed in a black coat when one of bright colors suited his fancy so much better. He had frankly told his relatives that he preferred pretty clothes to the hard lot of a poor parson; and yet, as neither he nor they could think of any other business for which he was better fitted, he at last consented to apply for holy orders. But when the time came for him to go to the Bishop of Elphin to be ordained, he could not resist the temptation to wear a pair of beautiful scarlet breeches with long hose and the brightest buckles. For would he not become a parson to-morrow, and be forever afterward condemned to sober black? The good bishop was horrified at such levity, and refused to ordain him. Perhaps upon examination he found that the young man was entirely ignorant of the catechism. This failure of Oliver's had been much less of a disappointment to him than to his friends. But as he was now twenty-three years old, and his mother was very poor, it was highly necessary that he should find something to do. And so he had found employment as a private tutor in a wealthy family near Lissoy. From his pupils' point of view, he was, no doubt, an accomplished and successful teacher. He was only a great boy himself, and life would have been one long holiday to everybody if he could have had his own way. But his way did not please his employer, and finally, after a quarrel for which Oliver was doubtless to blame, he was dismissed. The money which he had earned at tutoring, however, was sufficient to equip him as a knight

errant, for it enabled him to buy the horse and the splendid new suit of clothes with which, as I have said, he rode one fine morning into the city of Cork.

To his great satisfaction he found a ship already in port waiting only for favorable winds to sail for America. He lost no time, therefore, in selling his horse and in making a bargain with the captain for his passage to the New World. Then he sallied out to see the town. He had no difficulty in making friends; for he had money in his pocket, and he proceeded to share it with all the beggars and street loafers that he met. He was ready to relieve every case of distress that came to his notice, and many were the boon fellows whom he helped to entertain at the tavern. Several days were passed in this way, and the thirty pounds in his pocket had dwindled to but little more than thirty shillings; and still the ship, upon one pretext or another, delayed its sailing. One fine night, however, while Oliver was in the country enjoying himself with some newly made acquaintances, a favorable wind sprang up, and the captain, entirely neglectful of his passenger, ordered the vessel to be cast loose from her moorings and the sails to be set for the voyage. And in the morning, when Oliver sauntered leisurely down to the wharf, he found that he had been left behind.

It was lucky for the world that it happened so. For had Oliver been carried to America, our literature might never have known that most charming of stories, "The Vicar of Wakefield," nor those rare, delightful poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village"—works which will keep green the name and fame of Oliver Goldsmith as long as the English language endures.

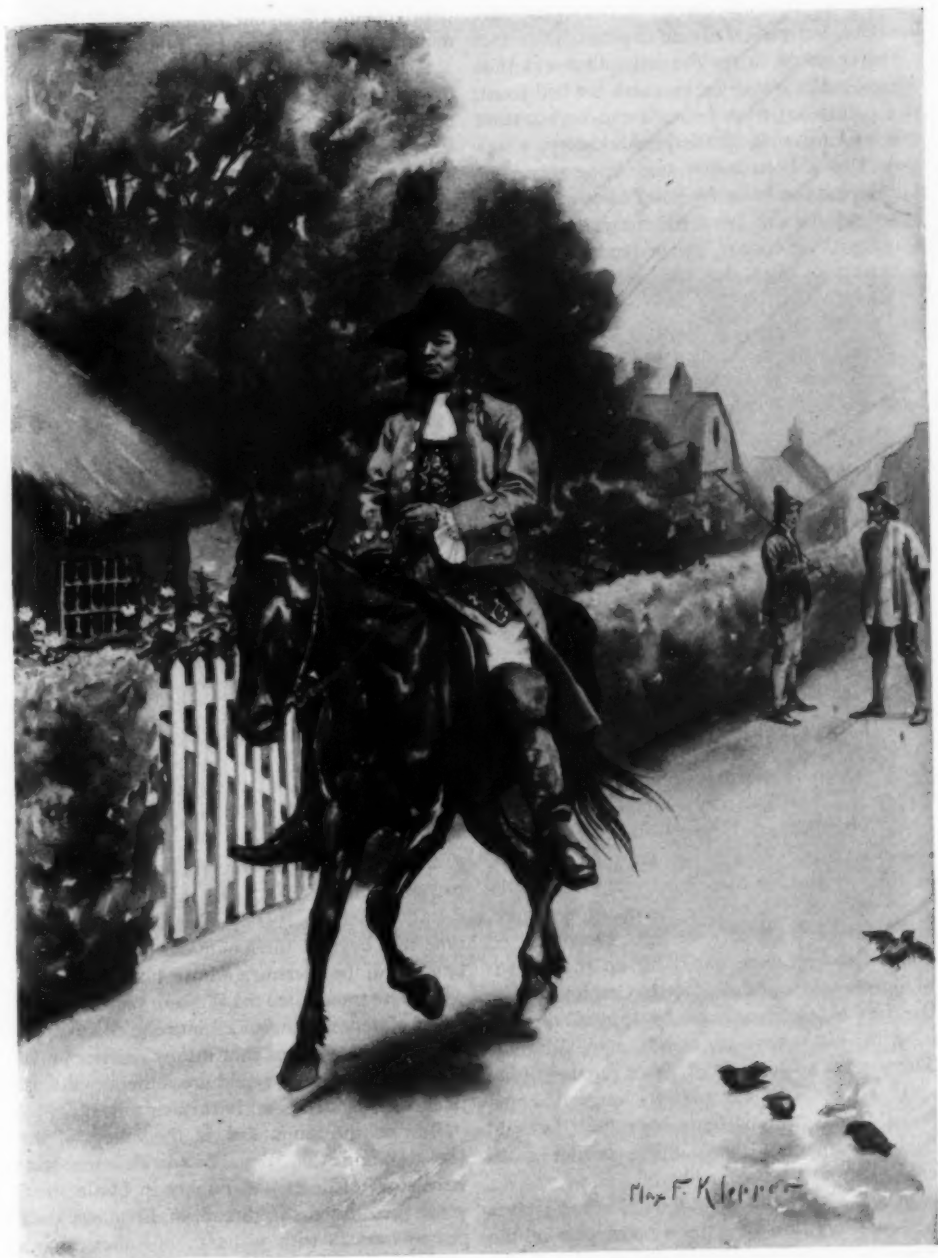
Oliver was one of those happy beings to whom all disappointments are light, and he did not greatly mind being left behind. Finding himself at last with but two guineas in his pocket, he began to bethink him of how he was to return to his good mother at Lissoy. To make so long a journey on foot was out of the question, and so after some bargaining he bought a wretched little pony—ill fed and very lean—whom he named "Fiddleback"; finding thereafter that he had just five shillings left. This, as he afterward told his mother,

was but a scanty allowance for man and steed for a journey of above a hundred miles; but he counted on finding plenty of friends along the road. As he ambled out of Cork, mounted on poor Fiddleback, his fine suit of clothes a good deal the worse for the three weeks of careless living which they had seen, he would hardly have been recognized as the gay young fellow who had entered the city so proudly only a short time before. But he was none the less happy; for the sun shone as brightly as ever, and Fiddleback was really a much better nag than one might have supposed.

When but a few miles out from the city, Oliver was hailed by a poor woman at the roadside, who besought him for the love of God to give her alms. She said that her husband had been imprisoned for debt, and that her eight children were starving, and that the landlord was even then on his way to turn them out of doors. The young man could never listen to a tale of distress without being touched with pity, and he hastily drew his money from his pocket, and emptied the half of it into the woman's hand. He had hardly gone a hundred yards, however, when he began to feel sorry that he had not given her all of it; for he remembered that the home of one of his college friends was only five or six miles away and he felt sure that when he arrived there, all his wants would be supplied and his purse replenished.

But—alas for those who put their trust in human kindness!—Oliver's quondam friend gave him but a sorry welcome. Scarcely a mouthful of food did he offer him, and when Oliver told him of the straits into which he was fallen, he gave him but little sympathy.

"Let me see," said he. "You are now, as you say, nearly a hundred miles from home, and you have only half a crown in your pocket. That sorry nag which you have ridden from Cork can barely make the journey in five days, even if his bones should hold together so long; and in the mean while you must have food and lodging, which cannot be obtained for less than double your money. Let me tell you what to do. Sell this Fiddleback, as you call him,—I have a friend who will pay a guinea for him,—then accept from me the present of



OLIVER GOLDSMITH AND HIS SORRY NAG, FIDDLEBACK.

a fine steed that will carry you home, not only in safety, but with really no expense."

Oliver asked to see the steed that was thus offered. His friend led him into his bed-room, and pulled out from beneath the bed a stout oak walking-stick, gnarled and knotty, which looked as if it had seen some little service.

"Here is the horse for you," said he. "Take him, and he will bear you to your mother's house without costing you a penny."

It was not often that Oliver allowed himself to become angry; but as he took the stick into his hands he was strongly tempted to try its strength on its owner's head. He forbore, however, and at last handed back the proffered gift, telling his friend that he would not

deprive him of so fine a steed, nor indeed remain in his house another hour.

A week later Oliver's mother was astonished to see him ride into her yard at Lissoy, astride of Fiddleback. Both man and steed were forlorn, bedraggled, half starved; but Oliver was happier even than he had been at the beginning of his knight-errantry.

What finally became of Fiddleback, or of that other horse so ungenerously offered and so promptly refused, nobody knows. But of all the horses that I should like to own there is none that would please me more than the stout oak stick, the memory of which has been preserved by this adventure of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

HERO TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

III.—KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THE close of the year 1780 was, in the Southern States, the darkest time of our Revolutionary struggle. Cornwallis had just destroyed the army of Gates at Camden, and his two formidable lieutenants, Tarleton the light horseman, and Ferguson the skilled rifleman, had destroyed or scattered all the smaller bands who had been fighting for the patriot cause. The red dragoons rode hither and thither, and all through Georgia and South Carolina none dared lift up their heads to oppose them; while North Carolina lay at the feet of Cornwallis as he started through it with his army to march into Virginia. There was no organized force against him, and the cause of the patriots seemed hopeless. It was at this dark hour that the wild backwoodsmen of the Western border gathered to strike a blow for liberty.

When Cornwallis invaded North Carolina he sent Ferguson into the western part of the State to crush out any of the patriot forces that might still be lingering among the foothills. Ferguson was a very gallant and able

officer, and a man of much influence with the people wherever he went, so that he was peculiarly fitted for this scrambling border warfare. He had under him a battalion of regular troops and several battalions of Tory militia, in all eleven or twelve hundred men. He shattered and drove the small bands of Whigs that were yet in arms, and finally pushed to the foot of the mountain wall, till he could see in his front the high ranges of the Great Smokies. Here he learned for the first time that beyond the mountains there lay a few hamlets of frontiersmen whose homes were on what were then called the Western Waters—that is, the waters which flowed into the Mississippi. To these he sent word that if they did not prove loyal to the king he would cross the mountains, hang their leaders, and burn their villages.

Beyond the mountains, in the valleys of the Holston and the Watauga, dwelt men who were stout of heart and mighty in battle; and when they heard the threats of Ferguson their hearts burned with a flame of sullen anger. Hitherto the foes against whom they had warred had been, not the British, but the Indian allies of the British—Creek and Chero-

kee and Shawnee. Now that the army of the king had come to their thresholds, they turned to meet him as fiercely as they had met his Indian allies. Among the backwoodsmen of this region there were at that time three men of special note: Sevier, who afterward became governor of Tennessee; Shelby, who afterward became governor of Kentucky; and Campbell, the Virginian, who died in the Revolutionary

the stump-dotted clearings, and the hunters from their smoky cabins in the deep woods.

The meeting-place was at the Sycamore Shoals. On the appointed day the backwoodsmen gathered, sixteen hundred strong, each man carrying a long rifle, and mounted on a tough, shaggy horse. They were a grim and fierce people, accustomed to the chase and to warfare with the Indians. Their hunting-shirts



THE CHARGE OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIERSMEN AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

War. Sevier had given a great barbecue, where oxen and deer were roasted whole, horse-races were run, and the backwoodsmen tried their skill as marksmen and wrestlers. In the midst of the feasting Shelby appeared, hot with hard riding, to tell of the approach of Ferguson and the British. Immediately the feasting was stopped, and the feasters made ready for war. Sevier and Shelby sent word to Campbell to rouse the men of his district and come without delay; and they sent messengers to and fro in their own neighborhood to summon the settlers from their log huts on

of buckskin or homespun were girded in by bead-worked belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. At the gathering there was a black-frocked Presbyterian preacher; and before they started he addressed the tall riflemen in words of burning zeal, urging them to stand stoutly in the battle and to smite "with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Then the army started, the backwoods colonels riding in front.

Two or three days later word was brought to Ferguson that the Back-water men had come over the mountains; that the Indian-fighters

of the frontier, leaving unguarded their homes on the Western Waters, had crossed by wooded and precipitous defiles to the help of the beaten men of the plains. Ferguson at once fell back, sending out messengers for help. When he came to King's Mountain,—a wooded, hog-back hill on the border line between North and South Carolina,—he camped on its top, deeming that there he was safe; for he supposed that before the backwoodsmen could come near enough to attack him, help would reach him. But the backwoods leaders felt as keenly as he the need of haste, and choosing out their picked men,—the best warriors of the force and the best mounted and armed,—they made a long forced march to assail Ferguson before help could come to him. All night long they rode the dim forest trails and splashed across the fords of the rushing rivers. All the next day—the 6th of October—they rode too, until in mid afternoon they came in sight of King's Mountain.

The little armies were about equal in numbers. Ferguson's regulars were armed with the bayonet, and so were some of his Tory militia, whereas the Americans had not a bayonet among them; but they were picked men, confident in their skill with the rifle, and they were so sure of victory that their aim was not only to defeat the British, but to capture their whole force! The backwoods colonels, counseling together as they rode at the head of the column, decided to surround the mountain and assail it on all sides. Accordingly, the bands of frontiersmen split one from the other, and soon encircled the craggy hill where Ferguson's forces were encamped. They left their horses in the rear, and immediately began the battle, swarming forward on foot, their commanders leading the attack.

The march had been so quick and the attack so sudden that Ferguson barely had time to marshal his men before the assault was made.

Most of his militia he scattered around the top of the hill to fire down at the Americans as they came up; while, drawing up his regulars and a few picked militia, he charged in person, with the bayonet, first down one side of the mountain and then down the other. Sevier, Shelby, Campbell, and the other colonels of the frontiersmen led each his force of riflemen straight toward the summit. Each body in turn, when charged by the regulars, was forced to give way, for they had no bayonets wherewith to meet their foes; but the backwoodsmen retreated only so long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped they stopped too, and came back ever closer to the ridge, and ever with a deadlier fire. Ferguson, blowing a silver whistle as a signal to his men, led these charges, sword in hand, on horseback. At last, just as he was once again rallying his men, the riflemen of Sevier and Shelby crowned the top of the ridge. The gallant British commander became a fair target for the backwoodsmen; and, as for the last time he led his men against them, seven bullets entered his body, and he fell dead. With his fall resistance ceased. The regulars and Tories huddled together in a confused mass, while the exultant Americans rushed forward. A flag of truce was hoisted, and all the British who were not dead surrendered.

The victory was complete, and the backwoodsmen at once started to return to their log hamlets and rough, lonely farms. They could not stay, for they dared not leave their homes at the mercy of the Indians. They had rendered a great service; for Cornwallis, when he heard of the disaster to his trusted lieutenant, abandoned his march northward, and retired to South Carolina. When he again resumed the offensive, he found his path barred by stubborn General Greene and his troops of the Continental line.



THE NUMBER SEVEN OAR.

BY FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.



"WELL," SAID FOSTER, "I HAVE A MAN FOR HIS PLACE."

"THIS is hard luck!" said Tom Wright, gloomily. "Day after to-morrow we begin training, and Hill 's sick at the last minute."

There were four young fellows seated in Wright's room, all members of the 'Varsity crew. As Tom had just said, Hill, who had rowed in the No. 7 seat, had been suddenly taken with a low fever, and the doctor had positively forbidden his rowing. The prospect for filling his place was exceedingly poor, and Tom Wright, who was stroke-oar and captain of the crew, was in despair.

"Could n't Higgins row in Hill's position?" suggested Dorsey, who pulled No. 4 oar.

"No; he is n't up to it," answered Wright. "Brooks, here, will tell you that he can't be made to last over two miles, and that he 's only second-rate at that." Brooks nodded. "But I suppose we 'll have to do the best we can with him," continued Wright, resignedly.

Just then the door opened, and Foster, the bow-oar, walked in. Foster was in the post-

graduate department, and when he said anything it was usually worth hearing.

"Hill 's sick?" he asked.

"Yes," said Brooks, dejectedly.

"Well," said Foster, in his slow fashion, as he seated himself on a table and examined a tennis-racket, "I have a man for his place."

"You have!" said Wright. "Who is it?"

"Fales. He 's a new man in the postgraduate department, a big fellow,—must weigh fully one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He 's coaching the sophomores in geometry, and he 'll row so long as it won't interfere with that. He looks as though he 'd get into condition in a couple of weeks, too. He 's rowed before—on some Canadian crew, I think he said."

"That 's something worth hearing!" said Wright. "When 'll he begin?"

"Immediately. I told him to be at the boat-house at four sharp to-morrow afternoon. He can row from four till six o'clock each day."

"Well, that makes our prospects considerably

brighter," remarked Brooks, in a delighted voice. "I only hope he'll turn out as good a fellow as you describe. And I guess I'll be going now for a dig at that astronomy. Good night, all!"

And the crowd separated, Foster remaining to have a chat with Wright.

The crew were in the dressing-room at the boat-house the following afternoon when Foster came in, followed by an athletic-looking fellow with curly hair and a pleasant, though decidedly grave face. Every one felt at once that this must be Fales, and seven pairs of eyes were turned on him critically.

"This is Bert Fales," said Foster.

"Glad to meet you, Fales!" exclaimed the stroke-oar, grasping the other's hand, and giving a glance of approval at his strong shoulders and well-knit frame. "We're just getting ready for a couple of miles' spin, and we'd like you to try No. 7 seat — that is, if you think you're able to, to-day. Of course you can take it easy."

"All right; I'll try it," said Fales, quietly. "I won't promise to do any very hard pulling. It'll take me a little while to get my hand in; but I'll do my best."

"That's all we expect," answered Wright, briskly. "You'll find a locker for your clothes over there, and you have come ready to row, I see."

In ten minutes more Fales was in boating costume, and Wright nodded to Foster as he saw the long arms and powerful chest of the new man. "He's a good one," he whispered, as the eight men clattered down-stairs and ranged themselves along the shell, preparatory to carrying her down the slip to the water.

And Fales created no disappointment in the boat. He handled his oar cleverly, and, though he did not exert himself, the stroke-oar and the coxswain could see by the way the water swirled silently from his blade and went rushing toward the stern that he made every one of a well-developed set of muscles do its part in his stroke. And there was a grim smile of satisfaction on Wright's face as he bent to his work and glanced up at the little coxswain.

When they had come down the river to the boat-house again, and the coxswain's "Way enough!" had caused the oar-blades to lie on the water, sending little spurts from their edges

as the shell shot down stream, the stroke-oar turned in his seat:

"Well, how did it go?" he asked.

"First-rate! I tell you it makes a fellow feel magnificent to get on the water. I am all out of condition, doing nothing but study and read; but I think I'll be with you in a few days. Your stroke is a trifle different from ours; but I believe it's a better one."

"Well, I guess we'll go in now," said Wright, after a moment. "Ready there, Brooks!"



"THIS IS BERT FALES," SAID FOSTER.

"Ready!" repeated the coxswain. "Hold, starboard! Pull easy, port!" and the long "eight" slowly swung around, and, with her bow pointed for the slip, moved ahead.

"Fales!" called Wright, as the latter was leaving the dressing-room afterward. "I'd take a short run each day, I think. You'll get into condition quicker, and the regular training later on won't be so hard!"

"All right!" sang back the other in a cheery way, and he was gone.

The training went ahead steadily, and Fales gave no reason to regret the absence of Hill. Wright and Brooks were delighted with him; and as for Foster, he only smiled in a satisfied way which befitted him as the one who had secured the new oarsman. The rest of the crew took that interest in the No. 7 oar which every well-regulated crew takes in a fellow-member who does his full duty. But as to any feeling of personal friendship for him, it was impossible; for he was as silent as the proverbial oyster, except when questioned, and never remained after rowing to talk over the small matters of college life with the rest. So soon as the shell was placed on the racks he was off to dress, and immediately afterward left the boat-house and went to his room to study, or perhaps took a short run. He seemed to be occupied with his books or engaged in writing during all his leisure hours.

One evening Wright was sitting in his room, trying to master a difficult problem in astronomy, when the door was opened and Brooks came in. Wright glanced up, threw him a hasty nod of recognition, and then bent his head again and went on trying to study. He hoped the new-comer would go out soon; for he was intent on the work before him.

By and by he looked up again, and Brooks was still there, with his eyes gazing upon the carpet and his forehead all wrinkled as though he were greatly puzzled. Evidently he intended to stay.

"What 's the matter?" asked Wright, laying down his book in surprise. "Don't sit there frowning, but speak out!"

"I don't know how to begin," said Brooks.

"Don't know how to begin? Begin at the beginning! What 's it all about, anyhow?"

"It 's Fales," explained Brooks, slowly.

"Well, what about him? He is n't sick, is he?"

"No; only — oh, well, I guess I 'd better get it right out. He 's been writing letters!"

"What of that?" asked Wright, amazedly.

"He can write them if he wants to, can't he?"

"Yes; but he 's writing them to the coxswain of the crew of — University; and — can't you think what I mean?"

There was a pause; then Wright jumped to his feet. "You mean that he 's giving our secrets away!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Why, we have our race with them in a little while. Do you mean that he 's telling them about our stroke, the time we 're making, and all that? I can't believe it!"

"All I know is that he 's writing constantly to the coxswain of their crew —"

"And that 's the only thing he 'd be likely to be writing about so frequently," finished Wright for him. "He 's a spy, that 's what he is! We don't know anything about him, except that he can pull a good oar, and he never has a word to say for himself. I 'll make him leave the crew to-day; and I 'll —"

"No, you won't, Tom!" broke in Brooks. "We have n't got any real proof against him, only the address on the letters which I have chanced to see at different times. Besides, if we put him out of the crew now, who 'll we get to row in his place? We have n't one fellow who could pull anything like as well as he does. All we can do is to wait, and keep an eye on him. And I have an idea, anyhow, that he 'll forget all about what he 's here for, — if he *is* a spy, — and 'll do his best for us. He is immensely fond of rowing — I can see that — and gets very earnest over his work in the boat. But don't let the rest of the fellows know anything about this! It would only make him an object of suspicion to them, and he 'd notice it, and probably would leave us just at the last minute. Then we *should* be in a fix indeed. No; the best we can do is to keep quiet and watch him carefully."

For a few minutes Wright did not reply. Then he looked up. "I guess you 're right," he said slowly; "there 's nothing else to be done."

"Well, good night, old fellow!" said Brooks, as cheerfully as he could. "All will come out right yet"; and the door slammed upon him.

In spite of Brooks's admonition, Wright's manner toward Fales was somewhat cooler when he met him next day, and there was just the least suspicion of formality also in the greeting of Brooks and of Foster, who had been let into the secret, and who would n't hear of the accusation at first. But the rest, if they

noticed it, gave it no further thought. Fales felt the change, however; but, though it hurt him keenly, he gave no sign of it. If anything, his manner became more reserved and silent than ever, and the three immediately saw in this a guilty conscience, and felt confirmed in their suspicions.

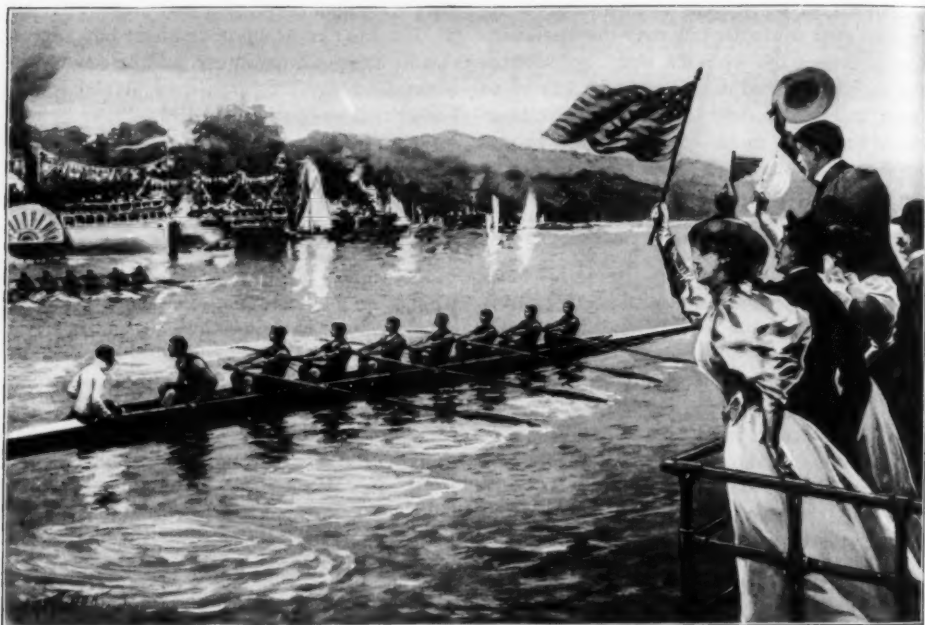
About two weeks before the race the crew, with the substitutes and the "coach," a man named Gray, went to New London. Quarters

Wright started, and exchanged a meaning look with Brooks.

"Where did he say he was going?" he asked.

"He did n't tell me, and I did n't think it necessary to ask. He is n't the kind of fellow to do anything foolish or to get into trouble, you know. He'll be back in good time."

"Oh, yes," Wright returned absently; "he'll come back, I suppose"; and Gray thought he



"A FEW LAST STROKES, AND THEY HAD PASSED THE BUOY AT THE FINISH." (SEE PAGE 731.)

had been secured on the western bank of the Thames River, and only a few hundred yards above those occupied by the crew of the rival university on the opposite shore.

After supper on the evening of their arrival, Fales asked permission to spend two hours away from quarters. Gray considered for a moment and then consented. Active training had been begun; but he knew Fales to be a steady fellow who would n't get into mischief.

About an hour after Fales had left, Wright noticed his absence and asked where he was.

"He asked leave to be away for a couple of hours, and I let him go," explained Gray.

detected a suggestive tone in his voice; but the other's face told nothing, and in a few minutes the whole thing had passed from his mind.

An hour later, just as they were going indoors, Fales came around a corner of the porch with a quiet "Good evening." Wright glanced at him sharply; but the other was as grave and silent as usual, and Wright felt angry with himself for not speaking out and demanding an explanation of him. He turned aside to speak to Brooks, and was surprised not to see him. No one had seen him leave, either.

In a little while Wright got up. "Well," he said, yawning, "I'm going to bed, and I advise

you to do the same. We 've got to go over a good part of that course on time to-morrow."

Gray gave the same advice, but the crew went to bed reluctantly, for it was a magnificent night, clear and balmy.

Wright had been in his room only a few minutes when Brooks came in. "Tom," he said, "we were right about Fales. I'm pretty certain now. When he left here he took the skiff and pulled over to the quarters on the other side. I had a suspicion of something when Gray told me he had got permission to go away, and I slipped out and took the single working-boat and paddled across the river. I came up to the slip over there without being noticed, and I saw Fales sitting in the shadow of a big pile, talking to their coxswain. I could n't hear what they said—they were too far off; but I saw them both plainly. Fales is a spy, that 's my opinion!"

"He 's a sneak — a low sneak! If we lose that race, it 'll be due to him. And if we 're beaten, I 'll make it so hot for him that he 'll—" and Wright tried to find a word expressive of his feelings, and, failing, shut his jaws with a savage snap suggestive of something fearful in store for the No. 7 man.

"There 's no use of borrowing trouble," remarked Brooks, after a pause. "We can't do anything now, and what we 'd better do is to get to bed and try to look on the bright side of things. Good night!" and he stalked out of the room.

Wright went to bed promptly; but he could not sleep for a while; for somehow he could not see any bright side to the affair.

It was half-past four o'clock when the two crews "lined up" on the afternoon of the race. It was a magnificent day. The river lay calm, except where a breath of air touched it into life and sent the ripples chasing down stream. The tide was nearly done running out, and the spar-buoys stood up almost straight in the water. On the western bank the old town shone out clear in the sunlight, a short distance below the starting-point. On the right the land rose close to the river, and a little further up the green of the trees was enlivened by the gay colors of the flags lazily drooping from the staffs on the

house of one of the residents. Two great excursion steamers laboriously churned the water. Their throbbing engines told of the pressure in their boilers, as they awaited the start. A host of naphtha or steam launches swarmed about, puffing inordinately and getting in every one's way, while rival captains bellowed directions at each other over some awkward movement. The banks swarmed with black coats and white dresses, those of the town folk not on the steam craft, and everything seemed to breathe a suppressed excitement.

Fifty feet below the long shells the referee's launch lay; and, clinging to the rail as he leaned over the sharp cutwater, the referee himself was giving orders in quick, exact tones.

At last he had finished, and the eighteen men in the shells who had been straining their ears to catch every word, straightened themselves in their seats and nervously gripped their oars afresh. Then, with the blood tingling curiously in their finger-ends, they leaned their heads forward a trifle, and with eyes straight astern awaited the word.

"Ready!" and sixteen oars flashed back the sunlight as they moved and dipped into the water again, their holders poising themselves, ready for the stroke. The launches had darted aside, the steamers were in position, and from the bows of the two shells up stream there stretched a clear space of water, which was lost only where the river bent toward the west. Suddenly there rang out, loud and clear, "Go!"

Like a flash sixteen pairs of shoulders squared, sixteen seats shot back, and the water surged astern from the driven blades. A second later, and the river boiled under the wheels and propellers of the steam-craft, and a mighty shout went up, punctuated by a dozen shrill blasts from the pipes of the steamers.

The two shells had leaped forward almost together. Leaning easily in the seat, Brooks gave a look to his crew. With tense fingers grasping the tiller-ropes, he uttered a low "Steady!" which thrilled each man in the boat, and made them stretch out by common impulse and send the water flying in eddying circles from their blades. In twenty strokes

the crew had settled down, and Brooks, with another warning "Steady!" gave a glance to their opponents.

Not over fifty feet away the other crew, working together in perfect unison, were holding their own splendidly. He could not refrain from admiring the regular rise and fall of the shoulders of each oarsman, and the long, powerful "reach" and "catch" of the eight oars. He saw the struggle which was ahead before either crew would win, and turned to his own boat again.

Wright was pulling thirty-five strokes to the minute, and his boat was going fully as fast as the other, despite the fact that the quick sound of the oars in the locks on the rival shell told of the faster stroke the stroke-oarsman there was setting. Brooks saw with satisfaction the cool determination in the faces of those nearest to him.

At the half-mile post the two shells were nearly bow and bow, and Wright was still pulling but thirty-five strokes, while his rivals were rowing thirty-seven.

The steamers were strung out far in the rear, except the referee's launch, which cut the water only fifty yards astern. The shouts had died out, and only an occasional yell from the more enthusiastic admirers of one crew or the other, with a periodic whistle from some launch, showed the interest of the spectators.

At the mile buoy the faster stroke of the other boat, Brooks saw, had forced it fully five feet ahead of them. It was *only* five feet; but he did not like even that, and, leaning forward, he spoke a low word to Wright. Then followed the "Ready, there!" and the quick yell of the stroke-oar as he set a faster pace. Twenty times the oars flashed in and out and they were again even with the other boat, which had made no spurt. A half-mile further, and they were still on equal terms with their rivals, and half of the three miles of the race was covered.

As they rounded a slight bend a little further on, Brooks gave another searching glance to his crew. Not a face there but was set and resolved; not one that looked dispirited, though every man was pulling strongly, and the perspiration streamed from faces and shoulders.

Pleased with what he saw, he whispered again to the stroke, and at the same instant heard the indistinct sound of a similar warning in the other boat.

Again came the "Steady there!" followed smartly by Wright's yell. Then there was a quick pull, another, a third, and on the third an ominous crack, a crunching sound, and the shell jarred sharply. Wright had shot back helpless in his seat, the handle of his oar clasped in his hands, while the blade drifted to the stern, broken off at the rowlock. For the moment the confusion among the crew was complete. Brooks shouted directions; but the disorganization was sufficient to make the shell lose headway and sheer off toward the starboard side. The other boat was fully half a length ahead almost immediately; but it looked like a collision, the two shells were so close to each other.

Then, just as the stroke-oar in the other boat came opposite to the bow of their boat, there came to each crew an order.

"Let her go—all together there!" sang out the coxswain of their rival, and his boat shot forward under the increased stroke. But to Brooks's ears a more grateful sound was the deep-toned voice of the No. 7 man in his own crew, "Steady there! Now, pick her up, all together!" and then his sharp "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten!"

And, as if by magic, order sprang from disorder, and at each count there was a strong united pull, and Brooks felt the boat lift and shoot as the seven men threw their weight on the oars. He saw that the crew recognized a leader in Fales, and that they were inspired with renewed energy by his encouraging words and example. Brooks, in the excitement of the moment, had not paid especial attention to the No. 7 man before. Now the latter suddenly had become the master of the situation. Upon him everything depended. Whether they were to win the race with only seven oars against the eight of their opponents was to be determined largely by his skill and strength. Wright had drawn his seat as close to the foot-stretcher as he could manage, and sat there, still and helpless, but with a strange look on his face as he realized

that Fales had so cleverly and determinedly assumed the duties of stroke-oar. Brooks grasped the tiller-lines more firmly, for by this time the shell was upon her course; but having only three men on one side of the boat to the four on the other made it difficult to keep her steady. Brooks saw, however, that they were now holding their own with their rivals, who were one boat's length ahead. They had yet a mile to go, and slowly but surely, under the faster stroke of Fales, they were diminishing the distance separating them from the leading boat. A half-mile further, and the stern of their rivals' shell was even with the middle of their own. But they could not gain another inch; for the others had begun rowing a faster stroke. Spurt for spurt the two crews made; but the advantage of the leaders was not once permanently increased or lessened.

Then, just as they came into the last quarter of a mile, the other crew began pulling quickly, and their boat crept slowly ahead. Brooks looked inquiringly at Fales; but Fales only shook his head slightly. A third of the last quarter was passed over, and their rivals were nearly clear of them, when Brooks, watching Fales's face anxiously, saw him give a sudden look of command. Instantly his voice rang out clear:

"Now, give it to her, all together! Pick her right up!" And he began to count sharply.

With the first word Fales uttered a short cry and went back on his seat like a flash. Almost as quickly he had drawn himself together again, and the crew responded nobly to his thirty-nine stroke. The boat jumped to the first stroke like a thing of life, and the water hissed and swirled madly from the oars. Brooks saw the great muscles on the shoulders and thighs of the No. 7 man stand out like cords, and he heard the labored breathing of the men as they bent to their work. But, best of all, he saw they were rapidly overtaking the other boat.

Now they had entered upon the last hundred yards of the race, and the stroke had been raised to forty to the minute, and the coxswain of the other boat was nearly on a level with Brooks. Wright's face was wreathed with smiles. Fifty yards, and they were even; twenty-five, and Brooks saw the swirl from the

stroke-oar of their rivals opposite to him, and he knew his own boat was ahead. A few last strokes, and they had passed the buoy at the finish; and with a shout of "Way enough!" Brooks threw out his hand to Wright.

But the latter had turned in his seat and had grasped the hand of the No. 7 man in his own, and was gripping it hard.

"You've won the race for us," he was saying. And Fales could only return the handshake and look happy.

And then there were yells and cheers from the friends of the winning crew; for the big steamers and the launches had come up. The two shells had drifted close together, and as the crews rested in their seats, the oars lying flat on the water, Fales suddenly looked across at the coxswain of the other boat, who sat dejectedly, holding the loose tiller-lines in his hands.

"Wright," Fales said, turning his face toward the latter, "I want to introduce you to my cousin, Dean Bartow"; and he indicated the coxswain of the rival crew.

"I'm glad to meet you," said Wright; "but I'm sorry it's under such circumstances—sorry for you, you understand," with a smile.

"Well," returned the other, frankly, "you are n't more sorry than I am. But I suppose I ought to have expected it. You don't get an oar like Bert Fales every day, if I say it myself. But to be beaten by seven men!" and he looked so disgusted that the others laughed; they could n't help it. "And the worst of it all is," continued Bartow, "that Bert's been writing to me every week—we're great chums, you know—and telling me that he expected you would be beaten, now that he was in the crew. Never mind; he won't be with you next year, and then—well, we'll get even with you, or at least we'll try. Good-by!" and his crew, taking up their oars, slowly pulled up the river to their quarters.

For a minute Wright and Brooks looked after the other boat; then the former gave the latter a shamefaced glance. Foster came to Wright's room that night, when no one else was there but Brooks, and the three took a solemn vow never to hint at what they had suspected. "And to think," said Brooks, just before he left, "that we thought Fales a spy."

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

[*Began in the April number, 1894.*]

CHAPTER XLV.

THE FIGHT.

EARLY in the morning, perhaps by eight o'clock, a boat came over to the settlement from the lieutenant's schooner, which, with the sloop, lay some four or five miles away. A number of men were lounging on the landing, watching its approach. The men in the boat rowed close up to the landing, and there lay upon their oars. A man stood up in the stern. It was the master's mate of the schooner. "Is there any man here," said he, "what can pilot over the shoals?"

Nobody answered him; they stood staring stupidly at him. One of the men at last took his pipe out of his mouth. "There be n't any pilot here, master," said he. "We be n't none of us pilots."

"Why, what a story you do tell!" said the mate. "D' ye suppose I 've never been down here before, not to know that every man about here knows the passes of the shoals?"

The man still held his pipe in his hand. He looked at another one of the men. "Do you know the passes in over the shoals, Jem?" said he.

The man to whom he spoke was a young fellow with long, shaggy, sunburned hair hanging over his eyes in an unkempt mass. He shook his head, grunting. "Na; I don't know naught about t' shoals," said he.

"T is Lieutenant Maynard of his Majesty's navy, in command of them vessels out there," said the mate. "He 'll give any man five pounds to pilot him in." The men on the wharf looked at one another, but no one spoke. The mate sat looking at them; he saw that they did not choose to answer him. "Why," said he, "I believe you 've not got right wits;

that 's what I believe is the matter with you. Pull me up to the landing, men, and I 'll go ashore and see if I can find anybody that 's willing to make five pounds for such a little bit of piloting as that."

After the mate had gone the loungers still stood on the wharf looking down into the boat. They began talking to one another for the men in the boat to hear them.

"They 're coming in," said one, "to blow poor Blackbeard out of the water." "Ay," said another man; "he 's meek, too, he is. He 'll just lie still and let 'em blow and blow, he will." "There 's a young fellow there," said another of the men; "he don't look fit to die yet, he don't. Why, I would n't be in his place for a thousand pound." "I do suppose Blackbeard 's so afraid he don't know how to see," said the first speaker.

The men in the boat had sat listening. At last one of them spoke up. "Maybe he don't know how to see," said he; "but maybe we 'll blow some daylight into him afore we get through with him."

Some more men had come out from the shore to the end of the wharf. There was now quite a crowd standing looking at the men in the boat. "What do them Virginny 'baccy-eaters do down here in Caroliny, anyway?" said one of the new-comers. "They 've got no call to be down here in North Carolina waters."

"Maybe you can keep us away from coming, and maybe you can't," said a man from the boat.

"Why," answered a man on the wharf, "we could keep you away easy enough; but you be n't worth the trouble, and that 's the truth."

There was a heavy iron bolt lying near the edge of the landing. One of the men upon the wharf slyly pushed it out with the end of his foot. It hung for a moment, and then fell into

the boat below with a crash. "What d' ye mean by that?" roared the man in charge of the boat. "What d' ye mean, ye villains? D' ye mean to stave us in?"

"Why," said the man who had pushed it, "you saw 't was n't done a-purpose, did n't you?"

"Well, you try it again and somebody 'll get hurt," said the man in the boat, showing the butt-end of a pistol.

The men on the wharf began laughing. Just then the mate came down from the settlement again, and out along the landing. The threatened turbulence quieted as he approached, and the crowd moved stolidly aside to let him pass. He did not bring any pilot with him. He jumped down into the stern of the boat. "Push off," said he, briefly. The crowd of loungers stood looking after them as they rowed away. When the boat was some distance away from the landing they burst out into a volley of derisive yells. "The villains!" said the mate. "They are all in league together. They would not even let me go up into the settlement for a pilot."

The lieutenant and his sailing-master stood together watching the boat as it approached. "Could n't you, then, get a pilot, Baldwin?" said Mr. Maynard, as the mate scrambled aboard.

"Why, no, I could n't, sir," said the mate. "Either they 're all banded together, or else they 're all afraid of the villains. They would n't even let me go up into the settlement to find one."

"Well, then," said Mr. Maynard, "we 'll make shift to work in as best we may by ourselves. 'T will be high tide against one o'clock. We 'll run in then with sail as far as we can, and then we 'll send you ahead with the boat to sound for a pass, and we 'll follow with the sweeps. You know the waters pretty well, you say."

"They were saying ashore that the villain hath forty men aboard," said the mate.*

Lieutenant Maynard's force consisted of thirty-five men in the schooner and twenty-five men in the sloop. He carried neither cannons nor carronades, and neither of his vessels was very

well fitted for the purpose for which they were sent out. The schooner, which he himself commanded, offered no protection to the crew. It was not more than a foot high in the waist, and the men on the deck were almost entirely exposed. The rail of the sloop was perhaps a little higher; but still it was hardly better adapted for fighting. Indeed, the lieutenant depended more upon the moral force of official authority to overawe the villains than upon his force of arms or men. He never believed until the very last moment that the pirates would show any real fight. It is very possible that they might not have resisted had they not thought that the lieutenant had really no legal right to attack them.

It was about noon when anchor was hoisted, and, with the schooner leading, both vessels ran slowly in before a light wind that had begun to blow toward midday. In each vessel a man stood in the bows, sounding continually with lead and line. As they slowly opened up the harbor within the inlet, they could see the pirate sloop. There was a boat just putting off from it to the shore.

The lieutenant and his sailing-master stood together on the roof of the cabin deck-house. The sailing-master held a glass to his eye. "She carries a long gun, sir," said he, "and four carronades. She 'll be hard to beat, sir, I do suppose, armed as we are with only small arms for close fighting."

The lieutenant laughed. "Why, Brookes," said he, "you seem to think forever of these men showing fight. You don't know them as I know them. They have a deal of bluster and make a deal of noise, but when you seize them and hold them with a strong hand there's naught of fight left in them. 'T is like enough there 'll not be so much as a musket fired to-day. I 've had to do with 'em often enough before to know my gentlemen well by this time." Nor was it until the very last that the lieutenant could be brought to admit that the pirates had any stomach for a fight.

The two vessels had reached to perhaps within a mile of the pirate sloop, before they found the water too shoal to venture any further with sail. It was then that the boat was

* The pirate Captain had really only twenty-five men aboard of his sloop at the time of the fight.

lowered, as the lieutenant had planned, and the mate went ahead to sound, the two vessels, with their sails still hoisted, but empty of wind, pulling in after with sweeps.

The pirate had hoisted sail, and now lay as though waiting for the approach of the two vessels.

The boat in which the mate was sounding had run a considerable distance ahead of the larger and more cumbersome vessels. The sloop and the schooner had gradually crept up with the sweeps to within perhaps a little less than half a mile, and the boat with the mate was, maybe, a quarter of a mile closer. Suddenly there was a puff of smoke from the pirate sloop, and then another and another, and the next moment there came the three reports of muskets up the wind.

"Zounds!" said the lieutenant, "I do believe they 're firing on the boat." As he spoke the boat turned and began pulling toward them. "Yes; there they are, coming back again," said he.

The boat with the mate aboard was putting back, rowing rapidly. Again there were three or four puffs of smoke, and three or four reports from the muskets on the distant vessel. Then in a little while the boat was alongside, and the mate came scrambling aboard. "Never mind hoisting the boat," said the lieutenant; "we 'll just take her in tow. Come aboard as quick as you can." Then, turning to the sailing-master, "Well, Brookes, you 'll have to crack on all sail, and we 'll do the best we can to get in over the shoals."

"But, sir," said the master, "we 'll be sure to run aground."

"Very well, sir," said the lieutenant; "you heard my orders. If we run aground, we run aground, and that 's all there is of it."

"I sounded, as far as may be, a little over a fathom," said the mate; "but the villains would let me get no further. I think I was in the channel, though. 'T is more open inside, as I mind me of it. There 's a kind of a hole there, and if we get in over the shoals just beyond where I was, we 'll be all right."

"Well, then, you take the wheel, Baldwin," said the lieutenant, "and do the best you can for us."

Lieutenant Maynard stood looking out forward at the pirate vessel, which they were now steadily nearing under half sail. He could see that there were signs of bustle aboard, and of men running around upon the deck.

Then he walked aft and around the cabin. The sloop was some distance astern. It appeared to have run aground, and they were trying to push it off with the sweeps. The lieutenant looked over the stern. It seemed to him that the schooner was already raising the mud in her wake. He went forward across the deck. His men were crouching down along by the rail. There was a quietness of expectation about them. The lieutenant looked them over as he passed. "Johnson," said he, "do you take the lead and line and go forward and sound a bit." Then to the others: "Now, my men, the moment we run her aboard, you get aboard of her as quick as you can, do you understand? Don't wait for the sloop, or think about her; but just get aboard as quick as you can, and see that the grappling-irons are fast. If any man offers to resist you, shoot him down. Are you all ready, Mr. Cringle?"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the gunner.

"Very well, then. Be ready, men; we 'll board 'em in a minute or two."

"There 's less than a fathom of water here, sir," called out Johnson from the bows. As he spoke there was a sudden soft jar and jerk, then the schooner was still. They were aground.

"Push her off to the starboard there! Let go your sheets!" roared the mate from the wheel. "Push her off to the starboard!" He spun the wheel around as he spoke. Half a dozen men sprang up, seized the sweeps, and plunged them into the water. Others ran to help them, but the sweeps only sank into the mud without moving the schooner. The sails had fallen off, and they were flapping and thumping and clapping in the wind. Others of the crew had scrambled to their feet, and ran to help those at the sweeps. The lieutenant had walked quickly aft again. They were very close to the pirate sloop. Suddenly some one hailed the lieutenant from aboard of her. There was a man standing up on the rail of the pirate sloop, holding by the backstays.

"Who are you?" he called; "and whence

come you? What do you seek here? What d'ye mean, coming down on us this way?"

The lieutenant heard somebody say, "That's Blackbeard himself"; and he looked curiously at the distant figure.

The pirate stood out boldly against the cloudy sky. Somebody seemed to speak to him from behind. He turned his head. Then he turned around again. "We're only peaceful merchantmen!" he called. "What authority have you got to come down upon us this way? If you'll come aboard I'll show you my papers, and that we're only peaceful merchantmen."

"The villains!" said the lieutenant to the master, who stood beside him. "They're peaceful merchantmen, are they? They look like peaceful merchantmen, with four carronades and a long gun aboard!" Then he called out across the water, "I'll come aboard with my schooner as soon as I can push her off here."

"If you undertake to come aboard of me," called the pirate, "I'll shoot into you. You've got no authority to board me, and I sha'n't have you do it. If you undertake to do it, 't will be your own fault, for I'll neither ask quarter of you, nor give none."

"Very well," said the lieutenant; "if you choose to try that, you may do as you please; for I'm coming aboard of you as sure as heaven."

"Push off the bow there!" called the mate at the wheel. "Look alive! Why don't you push off the bow?"

"She's hard aground," answered the gunner; "we can't budge her an inch."

"If they was to fire into us now," said the mate, "they'd smash us to pieces."

"They won't fire into us," said the lieutenant; "they won't dare to." He jumped down from the cabin deck-house as he spoke, and went forward to urge the men in pushing off the boat. It was already beginning to move.

"Mr. Maynard! Mr. Maynard!" cried out the sailing-master, suddenly, "they're going to give us a broadside!"

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, or Lieutenant Maynard could turn, there came a loud and deafening crash, and

then instantly another and a third, and at the same moment a crackling and rending of broken wood. There were clean yellow splinters flying. A man fell violently against the lieutenant, nearly overturning him; the officer caught at the stays, and so saved himself. He waited one tense moment, almost holding his breath. Was he hurt? No; he was safe and unharmed. Then all about him was the sound of cries and groans and shouts and oaths. The man who had fallen against him was lying face down upon the deck. There were men down all about him. Some were rising, some were trying to rise, some only moved as they lay.

There was a distant yelling and cheering and shouting. It was from the pirate sloop. The pirates were rushing about upon her decks. They had pulled the cannon back, and, through the nearer sound of the groans about him, the lieutenant could hear the thud and punch of the rammers. He knew they were going to shoot again. "They're going to give us another broadside!" he called out. "Get down below, all hands, as quick as you can! What's the matter, Cringle? Are you hurt?"

The gunner was holding his arm. "Why, no, sir," said he. "A bolt or summat struck me, and I thought 't was broke; but I believe 't is all right." While he was speaking, all the men who could do so ran scrambling down below.

"Well, get down below as quick as you can," said the lieutenant. "The villains are going to shoot again. There's no shelter here with this low rail."

The lieutenant stood looking about him. The decks were clear, except for the three dead men, and some three or four wounded who could not get away. The mate was crouching down close to the wheel; the sailing-master was nowhere to be seen. "Where's Brookes?" said the lieutenant.

"He's hurt in the arm, sir, and he's gone below," said the mate.

The lieutenant ran over to the forecabin hatch. "Below there, Cringle!" called he.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the gunner's voice from below.

"Set up another ladder, so as to get the

men up on deck lively when they 're wanted. They 'll likely be coming aboard of us presently."

"They 're going to shoot again, sir," called out the mate.

The lieutenant saw the gunner aboard the pirate sloop in the act of touching the match to the touch-hole. He stooped down. There was another loud and deafening crash of cannon; one, two, three, four—the last two almost together. But this time there was no sound of crashing and splintering wood.

"T is the sloop, sir!" called out the mate. "Look at the sloop!"

The sloop had got afloat again, and was coming up when the pirates fired their second broadside, now at her. When the lieutenant looked at her she was still quivering with the impact of the shot. The next moment she began falling off to the wind. The lieutenant could see the wounded men rising and falling and struggling upon her decks. Again there was the sound of yells and cheering aboard the pirate vessel.

"They 're going to come aboard of us now, sir," said the mate.

"Zounds! I believe they are," said the lieutenant. As he spoke, the pirate sloop came drifting out from the cloud of smoke that enveloped her.

The lieutenant rushed forward to the hatchway. "Below there, Cringle!" cried he.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said the gunner.

"They 're coming aboard of us now. Be ready when I give the order for all hands on deck with pistols and cutlasses for short fighting."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The pirate sloop loomed up larger and larger as she bore down upon them. The lieutenant crouched down under the rail, looking out at her. Suddenly, a little distance away, she came about, broadside on, and then drifted. She was close aboard. Something came flying through the air—another and another. They were bottles. One of them broke with a crash upon the deck. The others rolled over to the further rail. In each of them a quick-match was smoking. Almost instantly there was a flash and a terrific report, and the air was full of the whiz and singing of broken particles of

glass and iron. There was another report, and the whole air seemed full of gunpowder smoke.

There was a sudden jar.

"They 're aboard of us!" said the mate; and even as he spoke the lieutenant roared out, "All hands to repel boarders!"

As he called out the order, he himself ran forward through the smoke, snatching one of his pistols out of his pocket and the cutlas out of its sheath. The men were coming swarming up from below. There was a sudden stunning report of a pistol, and then another and another almost together. There was a groan, and the fall of a heavy body. A figure came jumping over the rail, and then two or three more directly following. The lieutenant was in the midst of the gunpowder smoke. Suddenly Blackbeard was there. He had stripped himself naked to the waist. There were two slings, each with a brace of pistols, hanging around his shoulders. Almost with the blindness of instinct, the lieutenant thrust out his pistol, firing as he did so. The pirate staggered back. He was down! No, he was up again! He had a pistol in each hand. Suddenly the mouth of a pistol was pointing straight at the lieutenant's head. He ducked instinctively, striking upward with his cutlas as he did so. There was a stunning, deafening report almost in his ear. He struck again blindly with his cutlas. He saw the flash of a sword, and flung up his guard almost instinctively, meeting the crash of the descending blade. Somebody shot from behind him; at the same moment he saw some one strike the pirate. One of Maynard's own men tumbled headlong against him, and he fell with the man; but almost instantly he had scrambled to his feet again. As he did so he saw that the pirate sloop had drifted a little way from them. His hand was smarting as though struck with the lash of a whip. He looked around him; the pirate Captain was nowhere to be seen—yes, there he was, lying by the rail! He raised himself upon his elbow, and the lieutenant saw that he was trying to point a pistol at him; but his arm wavered and swayed, and the pistol nearly fell from his fingers. His elbow gave way, and he fell down upon his face. He tried to raise him-

self; he fell down again, then rolled over, then lay still.

There was a loud splash of men jumping overboard, and then almost instantly the cry of "Quarter! Quarter!" The lieutenant ran to the edge of the vessel. The grappling-irons of the pirate ship had parted, and it had drifted away. The few pirates who had been left aboard of the schooner had jumped overboard or were holding up their hands. "Quarter!" they cried. "Don't shoot! Quarter!" And the fight was over.

The lieutenant looked down at his hand. There was a great cutlas gash across the back of it, and his arm and shirt-sleeve were wet with blood. He went aft, holding the wrist of his wounded hand. The mate was still at the wheel. "Zounds!" said the lieutenant, with a nervous, quavering laugh, "I did n't know there was such fight in the villains."

His wounded and shattered sloop was again coming up toward him, under sail; but the pirate sloop had surrendered, and the fight was over.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN A NEW LIFE.

JACK had now been living for more than a month as one of the household at Marlborough. He was almost like one of the family, and he and Nelly Parker were constantly together. It was now the beginning of December, and the Attorney Burton had just left for England with letters to Jack's uncle, Sir Roger Ballister, from Colonel Parker. Meantime Colonel Parker was rather Jack's host than patron.

It was a beautiful clear Sunday, with just a sweet freshness in the air. It had been raining the day before, and the roads here and there were very deep with sticky mud, through which the horses could hardly pull the coach; but overhead it was very beautiful.

Colonel Parker was always very strict in his family observance of Sundays. He almost never failed, excepting when he was sick, to attend the parish church, and his household was also expected to attend.

Colonel Parker and Madam Parker and the young lady and Jack had all gone together in the coach.

It was very chill and damp in the church. Mr. Jones was preaching a rather longer sermon than usual. Jack sat in the big, square, cushioned pew, curtained off from the rest of the congregation, looking up at the minister where he stood in the great high pulpit with the sounding-board above his head.

At times Jack would understand a portion of the sermon. Then his mind would drift into other channels and far away—generally to petty things concerning his every-day life. Colonel Parker sat in the corner of the pew, perfectly still and upright. Nelly Parker was playing with the ribbon of her prayer-book, and Madam Parker was frankly dozing in the opposite corner.

Mr. Jones preached on and on. Jack remembered that he had never seen Mr. Richard Parker, excepting that one time, since he had come back from North Carolina. What was Mr. Parker doing now? It was over a month since Jack had brought the young lady home, and his old master had never visited Marlborough in all that time. He wondered how it looked at the Roost; whether the same people were there that had been there when he ran away three or four months before.

As he sat thinking aimlessly, something aroused him and he was suddenly conscious that Mr. Jones was just closing his sermon.

Jack followed the family out of the church, carrying the prayer-books.

A little knot of people gathered around in front of the church. The sunlight felt very warm and sweet after the chill, damp interior. There was a great deal of talk going on all about him. Jack felt, as he always did in the midst of these people, that he was not really one of them. He felt uncomfortable and out of place.

Mr. Bamfield Oliver's family were all at church that morning—Mr. Oliver, the father, two daughters, and young Harry Oliver. Mr. Bamfield Oliver and Colonel Parker were talking together. Mr. Oliver had offered Colonel Parker a pinch of snuff from the fine, gold-enameled snuff-box he always carried on Sundays. Madam Parker and Nelly Parker and the two Misses Oliver were talking together animatedly. Harry Oliver stood by, smiling

now and then with a flash of his perfect teeth, and now and then speaking a word in the talk. "If you 'll be home this afternoon, Miss," said he to Nelly Parker, "I'd like to ride over. 'Tis a sweet day to treat one's self to a pleasure."

"Do, Mr. Oliver," said Madam Parker. "Nelly 'll be mightily glad to see you. And stay to sup with us. You 'll have a full moon for the ride back."

Jack knew one of Mr. Oliver's sisters; the other was a stranger to him. She was looking very intently at him. Presently she whispered to her brother. Jack knew that she was speaking of him; he tried to look unconscious. He had grown so accustomed to hearing people speak of his saving Eleanor Parker from the pirates, that he knew from their looks when they were thinking of it. It no longer afforded him any pleasure. Now he knew almost what the young lady was saying as she whispered to her brother. Harry Oliver burst out laughing. "Why, Master Jack," said he, "here 's another young lady hath lost her heart to you, and thinks you a hero. The fame of your adventures hath reached all the way to the Bermuda Hundred, 't would seem."

The young lady's velvety cheek, dark like her brother's, colored to a soft crimson, and she turned sharply away. Jack felt himself blushing in sympathy. Nelly Parker laughed.

Just then Mr. Jones came out of the church. He had removed his surplice, and with it the ministerial air that he wore in the pulpit.

"Will you not come over and take dinner with us?" said Colonel Parker.

Mr. Jones had hoped Colonel Parker would ask him. "Why, sir," said he, hesitatingly, "I would like mightily much to do so, sir."

"Why, then, do so," said Colonel Parker. "Did you ride over this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Mr. Jones; "I have my horse over yonder in the shed."

"Well, then," said Colonel Parker, "you shall go over with us in the coach. Jack, here, will ride your horse to Marlborough."

Jack heard with a sinking heart. All through the sermon he had been looking forward to the ride home with Nelly Parker.

Harry Oliver went with the family toward the coach, where one of the negro footmen

stood, holding open the door. Jack followed, still carrying the books. Harry Oliver's mother called him, and he left Nelly Parker at the gate of the churchyard. Jack felt a keen pang of pleasure that he had gone, and that he himself had Nelly Parker even for a moment. It seemed to him that when Harry Oliver was with her she forgot all about him. "I 'm mightily sorry I 'm not going to ride home with you," he said as he helped her into the coach.

She looked at him straight in the eyes. He looked back at her. He felt a pang of happiness so keen that it was almost painful. She burst out laughing, and the next moment had stepped into the coach. Jack handed in the books, and stood aside. The negro footman closed the yellow, paneled door with a bang. The great coach moved lumberingly away, yawing and swaying from side to side, and the three negro footmen ran after it, and scrambled up behind to the rail.

Jack stood in the thin sunlight, looking after it. Then he turned and went slowly over to the shed where the minister's horse was hitched.

He caught up with the coach before it had reached Marlborough, and then followed it closely the rest of the way to the house.

After dinner Nelly Parker had gone to her room, and the house seemed very blank and empty. Jack stood at the window, watching Mr. Jones as he rode away back to his church.

Presently Jack left the window and went over to the fireplace. He stood there for a while, warming himself and wondering what he should do. There was a book upon the table near by, with a handkerchief in it to keep the place. He picked it up, and began reading. Now and then the words formed themselves into ideas; but at other times he read them without knowing what he was reading, thinking of other things. He sat there for a long while. Suddenly the door opened, and he heard the rustle of a dress. He knew instantly and vividly who had entered, but he would not look up. He heard her moving about the room.

"What are you reading?" said she at last.

Jack looked at the top of the page. "'Tis the—er—'The Masque of Comus,'" said he.

"Why, to be sure," said she; "I was reading it to papa yesterday."

She came over and stood behind his chair as she spoke. She leaned over him, looking down at the book in his hand. He felt her nearness,—almost the touch of her dress,—and his heart thrilled poignantly.

Harry Oliver came into the room, laughing, and presently he and Nelly Parker were talking and laughing together. Jack was pretending to read the book again. He was listening to what they were saying. Everything was once more bitter and displeasing to him. After a while he got up and went out of the room, and they did not seem to notice his going.

Jack met Mr. Simms in the hallway without.

"Ah, Master Jack," said he, "I've been looking for you everywhere. His honor is in the office, and wants to see you."

Colonel Parker was standing by the fire in his office when Jack came in. "Why, Jack," said he, "I've just had great news from Jamestown." As he spoke he reached over and picked up a letter from the table, and then laid it down again. "Lieutenant Maynard hath just got back from North Carolina. He hath been altogether successful with the pirates. Blackbeard hath been killed, and several others of the more notable among them."

"What!" exclaimed Jack; "Blackbeard killed!" Then again, after a moment, "Blackbeard killed!" He could not realize it.

"Yes; the villain hath but his deserts at last. He hath been killed, and there is an end to the villain and to his mischief," said Colonel Parker. "There were nine of them killed, and some seventeen of them have been captured and brought back prisoners. That is the lieutenant's letter I have just received. He hath got some one to write it for him, having been wounded in the hand. He saith in the letter that he cut off the pirate's head and brought it up with him to Jamestown. Well, the province is free of the greatest rogue that hath ever tormented it."

Jack sat trying to realize what he had heard. "Do you know who else were killed?" said he.

"Yes; he hath inclosed a list. He saith you may know them." Colonel Parker picked up the letter, and handed it to Jack.

Jack took it, and looked at the column of

names. "Why," said he, "Morton's dead, too; and Miller, the quartermaster; and Roberts and Gibbons. They are all of Blackbeard's officers."

"Maynard says there was a lame man they arrested down at Bath Town and brought up with them."

"Then that must be Hands," said Jack.

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "what I send for you more especially to say is this." He took the letter from Jack, and held it in his own hand, glancing at it as he continued. "Maynard saith here that Blackbeard was killed down at Ocracock Inlet, and that according to his belief no one knows where his treasure was hid but himself. Maynard saith 't is so currently reported in North Carolina. If that is so, 't is very possible that that chest of money the man Dred told you about hath not been touched. The chances, to be sure, are one hundred to one against it; but still there may be one chance in one hundred and one. Now, how would you like to go down to North Carolina and seek for that chest that he buried there?"

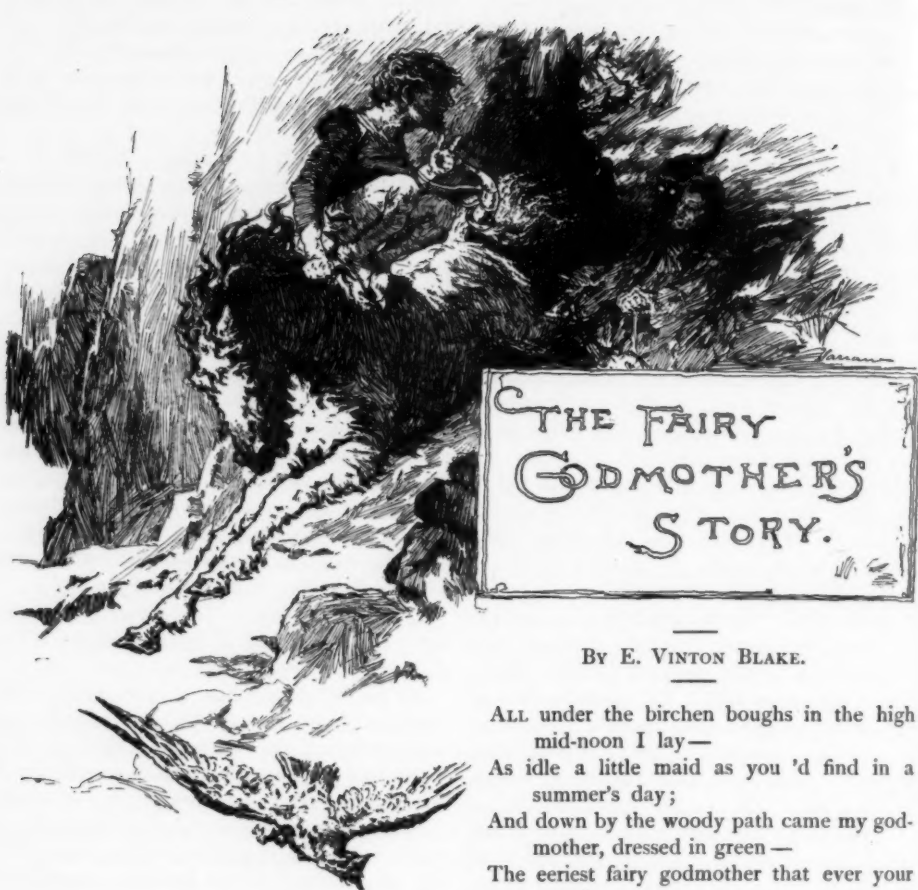
"Why," said Jack, "I'd be very glad to do it." He thought of Nelly Parker; he felt a sudden rush of pleasure.

"I was thinking," said Colonel Parker, "of sending Simms down. He can, maybe, go down to Jamestown to-morrow or next day, and there take the schooner, which is already fitted and provisioned, and go down in it. Of course his Excellency will send down an agent along with Simms. A large part of the contents of the chest belongs to the Baltimore merchants, and it will have to be condemned and ownership proved."

"I'd like mightily well to go down," said Jack. "'T will seem so strange to go down to Bath Town again."

"Well," said Colonel Parker, "I'll talk the matter over with Simms, and let you know what he can do." He stood silent for a little while. Jack was thinking of how he would tell Nelly Parker of his going. "I don't choose to say anything to raise your expectations," said Colonel Parker, breaking the silence; "but I think it very likely that, if you can recover the chest, I can so manage with the owners that you shall receive some reward for doing so."

(To be continued.)



THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S STORY.

BY E. VINTON BLAKE.

ALL under the birchen boughs in the high
mid-noon I lay—
As idle a little maid as you 'd find in a
summer's day;
And down by the woody path came my god-
mother, dressed in green—
The eeriest fairy godmother that ever your
eyes have seen.

Many a tale she tells of giants and dwarfs and elves,
Of fairies who sweep the kitchen and eat from the pantry shelves;
Of dwellers in earth and air, of toilers by land and sea—
Oh, wonderful fairy tales my godmother tells to me!

"What, idle again?" she said, and her queer black brows bent down,
And her queer sharp nose was wrinkled in just the tiniest frown!
But her black eyes laughed and twinkled, and I cried, "Oh, godmother dear!
A story, please, a story—just under the birches here!"

THE STORY.

Cragin the Dwarf is green and small;
He dwells far up on the mountain wall.
When stormy clouds flit over the rocks,
"Cragin," they say, "is feeding his flocks."

When on his elf-steed down he rides
All by the rivers and meadow-sides,
Goodman and goodwife shake with fear
To know that Cragin the Dwarf is near.

"Whither so fast?" cried the old witch-dame.
 (Reddened she sat in the sunset flame.)
 And quick he answered, with jeer and flout,
 "I go to the Baron, to warn him out!"

Down on Cragin the Baron gazed —
 Tall and weighty and much amazed,
 Bluff and bearded and ruddy-haired —
 Long on Cragin the Baron stared.



Fast he galloped by dale and down,
 Waving woodland and heather brown,
 Till, at last, he came where the castle black
 Braved the sea foam and hurled it back.

"Thrice my messenger-owls I sent
 Out to warn you, with kind intent;
 But all my kindness seems out of place —
 Baron, you come of a wilful race!"

"Owls?" quoth the Baron. "Oh—yes! hang 'em!

Into feather-bags small I'll bang 'em
If ever they haunt me again. But you,—
What do you mean by this to-do?"

"Leave to the witches your castle hall—
To the crooked dwarfs and the elf-men small.
And ere three sunsets reddened yon path,
Leave, Sir Baron, or dread our wrath!"

Booted and spurred was that Baron bold;
His boots were heavy, his spurs were gold;
Sudden, a swing of that doughty toe,
And Cragin the Dwarf through the air
doth go!

Up he picks him, all blood and dust;
Hies to his steed,—perforce he must!
All in a rage, away he rides,
While the Baron shouts and shakes his sides.

Rode that night on the storm blast loud
Elves and witches—a motley crowd;
They shook the towers, besieged the wall,
But the stout old castle stood it all.

Roused at length by the direful rout,
The Baron armed him and sallied out;

And—elves or witches—well he wist
That his trusty sword had never missed.

What horrid phantoms in fearful flight
The Baron braved on that dreadful night!
What elfin missiles, what deadly charms,
The Baron dared, and escaped from harms!

Neither ghost nor goblin the Baron feared,
And wildly floated his ruddy beard,
Till all the witches fled dismayed
At the fearful thrusts of his trenchant blade!

And on the wings of the wind they hied,
Till storm and shriek in the distance died,
And only the low waves' phosphor spark
Glanced in the depth of the glimmering dark.

But never again on the mountain wall
Walked Cragin the Dwarf, so green and
small;

And never goodman or goodwife shrank
At his horse's tread by the river bank.

And lonely ever the mountain stood,
With its hoary stones and its tufted wood—
All reddened stood in the evening dew,
Or burned in the midday, golden-blue.

"NOW" AND "WAITAWHILE."

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

LITTLE Jimmie Waitawhile and little Johnnie Now
Grew up in homes just side by side; and that, you see, is how
I came to know them both so well, for almost every day
I used to watch them at their work and also at their play.

Little Jimmie Waitawhile was bright, and sturdy, too,
But never ready to perform what he was asked to do;
"Wait just a minute," he would say, "I'll do it pretty soon,"
And things he should have done at morn were never done till noon.

He put off studying until his boyhood days were gone;
He put off getting him a home till age came stealing on;

He put off everything, and so his life was not a joy,
And all because he waited "just a minute" while a boy.

But little Johnnie Now would say, when he had work to do:
"There's no time like the present time," and gaily put it through.
And when his time for play arrived he so enjoyed the fun;
His mind was not distressed with thoughts of duties left undone.

In boyhood he was studious and laid him out a plan
Of action to be followed when he grew to be a man;
And life was as he willed it all because he'd not allow
His tasks to be neglected, but would always do them "now."

And so in every neighborhood are scores of little boys,
Who by-and-by must work with tools when they have done with toys.
And you know one of them, I guess, because I see you smile;
And is he little Johnnie Now or Jimmie Waitawhile?



THE

CATBIRD

BY Z. D. UNDERHILL.

OH, the happy catbird!
How joyful, how gay,
His clear notes come warbling
Down the airy way:
 Ringing, singing, singing, ringing,
 All the livelong day,
 Singing, ringing, ringing, singing,
 From the topmost spray.

On the leafy summit
Where the June winds play,
Steeped in golden sunshine,
His coat of Quaker gray:
 Swinging, clinging, clinging, swinging,
 All the livelong day,
 Clinging, swinging, swinging, clinging
 To the topmost spray.



TEDDY AND CARROTS:
TWO MERCHANTS OF NEWSPAPER ROW.

BY JAMES OTIS.



TEDDY AND CARROTS LEAVE THE "TOMBS." (SEE PAGE 752.)

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER V.

A SUGGESTION.

IT could be understood that Teenie was a frequent visitor by the familiar manner in which

he threaded his way amid the obstacles before reaching Carrots's very retired residence.

"Old man," said Teenie, "this is ever so much nicer a place to live in than a reg'lar house."

"Yes," the host replied grimly; "specially

when the nights are cold, or it rains. I s'pose you 'd rather have the water comin' in on you than not, when you 're asleep, would n't you?"

"Well, I did n't mean it jest that way," Teenie replied; "but when you get in here an' have the candle lighted, it allers seems mighty fine. I got mother to let me come down an' stay all night with you."

"There! that 's jest what I thought you was up to," Carrots said in rather a cross tone.

"Why, what 's the matter? Don't you want me?" Teenie asked in surprise.

"Of course I 'm glad to have you come, Teenie; but I am busy to-night, an' talkin' with you is bound to upset things."

"What are you doin'?"

"You see, I took the job of gettin' that fellow from Saranac out er the station-house; an' it 's goin' to be a pretty hard one, I 'm 'fraid, as things are lookin' now. If I can get him clear of the scrape, you 'll see some fun one of these days, 'cause this thing ain't goin' to stop here, I 'll tell you that. I only wish I knew what ought ter be done."

"How have you been tryin' to fix it?"

"Well, I 've talked with some of the fellows that saw the row, to get 'em to go down to court an' tell how it happened; but they 're so terribly 'fraid of Skip they don't dare to say their souls are their own."

"Well, I do," Teenie replied bravely. "I saw the whole of the scrap, 'cause I was there before it began."

"Will you tell that when the chap 's brought inter court to-morrow mornin'?"

"Course I will, if you 'll stand by me in case Skip tries to come his funny business; 'cause that 's what he says he 's goin' to do to anybody who helps the fellow from the country."

"I 'll stand by you, Teenie, if that 's what you want; an' if we do get Teddy clear, there 'll be three of us. Skip won't dare to tackle as big a crowd as that."

"No; but you see the fellow ain't out, an' I can't figger how it 's goin' to be done."

"We 'll tell the judge jest what we saw."

"I don't b'lieve we 'll get the chance. They would n't let you go anywhere near him, 'less you had a lawyer."

"We 've got to fix it somehow."

"Why not get a lawyer?"

"Now you 're goin' crazy, Teenie Massey. It costs as much as a dollar to get one of them fellows to go to court. They come high!"

"Don't you s'pose you could hire one, an' let him take it out in trade?"

"By jiminy! I never thought of that. I wonder if I could n't?"

"It would n't do any harm to try. I sell papers to a man that would come an' 'tend to the whole business, I guess, if you 'd 'gree to black his boots so many times a week."

"I 'd 'gree to black him all over, if he 'd do what I want. Where does he hang out?"

"I 'll show you in the mornin'. Been to supper?"

"Yes; had a little spread up to Delmonico's. It was n't much, an' charlotte roosters an' sich things as that ain't fillin', you know."

"I kind er thought you might be hungry, so I got mother to do up a lunch." And Teenie drew from his pocket a small parcel of cold roast meat, adding to it from another pocket five boiled eggs.

"Say, we 'll have a reg'lar lay-out, won't we?" Carrots said, as he surveyed the food with the keenest pleasure.

"Now I reckon you can kind er ease up on your business long enough to 'tend to this stuff, can't you?" Teenie answered.

"Well, I should say so! You 're a brick, Teenie, an' I wish you 'd come every night."

"Business would have to be pretty good if I was goin' to have such a spread as this right along. I 've been to supper, so you pitch in."

"S'pose we put it away for a while? It has n't been so long since I ate that lot o' quails, you know; an' I can hold on a spell, an' we 'll be hungry before we 're ready to go to sleep."

Teenie was satisfied; and he reclined carelessly in one corner of the packing-case home, enjoying himself to the utmost.

Carrots followed his example, and soon the two were busily engaged discussing the probable outcome of Teddy's case, as well as the possibility of engaging a lawyer upon the condition of his being willing to accept the fee "in trade."

Not until a late hour was the lunch disposed

of; and then, nestling into the straw, the two were ready for slumber.

Owing to the peculiar location of his home, and the necessity of keeping his whereabouts a profound secret, Carrots was obliged to arise at a very early hour, in order to leave the residence before any of the clerks in the shop should arrive.

Therefore it was that the host and his guest were on the street shortly after sunrise.

Of course it would have been folly to look for the attorney in his office at such an hour, and the possibility of doing any business before seven or eight o'clock was so slight that Carrots, with the recklessness of a spendthrift, invited his friend to a breakfast at Mose Pearson's, even though it involved an expenditure of fully one fifth of his entire wealth.

"We 'll kind er need somethin' to brace us up," he said, in explanation of his generous invitation.

As a matter of course, Master Massey was not proof against the kind hospitality, and so he very willingly followed his friend to Mr. Pearson's establishment, which was located in the basement of a dwelling on Baxter street.

When the boys, leisurely, and with the air of capitalists, sauntered out on the street once more, they looked thoroughly contented with the world in general, and themselves in particular.

"We 'd better get up somewhere near the lawyer's office before that Skip Jellison comes 'round," Teenie said.

Carrots recognized the wisdom of this advice at once; and the two, keeping a sharp lookout lest Master Jellison should spring upon them unawares, made their way to Centre street, where for an hour and a half they waited in the hallway of the building in which the lawyer with whom Teenie was acquainted had an office.

On his arrival it was evident the gentleman did not recognize them as two possible clients, for he passed without even a nod to the boy who claimed to be his friend, entered the office, and closed the door behind him.

"Why, he does n't even know you!" Carrots exclaimed, in a tone of reproach.

"Oh, yes, he does; but you see it 's kind er dark in here, an' I s'pose he could n't see my face very well, or he did n't notice."

"What are you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Wait till he gets settled, an' then we 'll go up an' call on him. You do the talkin', while I stand back an' 'gree to all you say."

Now that they were where the scheme could be carried into execution, Carrots was by no means confident it would be a success, and actually felt rather timid about making the attempt; but, urged on by Teenie, he finally mustered up courage to open the door of the office. He stood on the threshold, gazing first at the attorney and then back at his friend.

"Well, what do you want?" the gentleman asked, looking inquiringly at the boy.

This question appeared to restore to Carrots a certain portion of his self-possession, and he entered the room, standing in the middle of the floor as he beckoned to his friend to follow.

"What do you want?" the lawyer asked again, impatiently.

"Well, you see — I come — we want —"

"Out with it. What did you come for?"

Teenie nudged his friend from behind, as a sign that he should speak up promptly; and Carrots, catching his breath much as one does after a plunge in cold water, began:

"There 's a fellow what walked down from Saranac, that 's goin' to be took inter the Tombs court this mornin' for fightin' in City Hall Park, an' we 've come to see how much it would cost to hire you to git him out."

"I might defend him, but I could n't agree to get him out. That depends on the judge."

"Well, you could make the talk, an' I reckon when the thing 's put up right they 'll have to let him go, 'cause he did n't do anything."

"Suppose you tell me the whole story, and I shall be better able to judge what they may be obliged to do."

"It was jest like this: You see, Skip he come up an' hit Teddy in the jaw, and Teddy tried to hit back. Skip let out with a left-hander; Teddy warded it off. Then Skip jumped; down went the papers. Skip got frightened of a cop; he started to run, Teddy after him, an' Teddy was 'rested, and that 's all there is 'bout it."

"That may be the whole of the story; but I must confess I don't understand it yet."

"Why, it 's plain enough. You see, Skip he struck out, an' Teddy warded it off —"

"Now wait a moment. Tell me which boy is arrested."

"Why, Teddy, of course. You don't s'pose we'd come here if it had been Skip? I wish it *was*. He'd stay there a good while, for all I'd care."

"Who is this Teddy?"

"He's a fellow what walked down from Saranac, an' got here yesterday mornin'; but jest as he was goin' to sell papers up jumped Skip, 'cause he thinks he owns the whole town, an' 'lowed he was goin' to clean Teddy right out. Now, I never did think Skip could fight any great deal, 'cause how was it when he was over to Brooklyn, an' that fellow tackled him?"

"Try to tell me the story as I want to hear it. You say Teddy was arrested?"

"Why, it's worse 'n that! He's in the station-house!"

"Certainly; if he is arrested. On what charge was he taken?"

"Eh?"

"I mean why did the officer take him?"

"Why? 'Cause the park policeman said he was fightin'; but he was n't. He was only beginnin'. He might uv licked Skip, too, if they'd let him alone. I know by the way he put up his hands."

"Then it seems, according to your story, that he really was fighting."

"How could he, when he had n't even commenced? Skip hit him, an' knocked the papers out er his hands, an' then he was goin' to lick Skip, but did n't have time."

The attorney was a patient man, and possibly the boy's manner of telling the story amused him; therefore he continued asking questions, preventing any detailed account of previous quarrels which Skip might have had, until he was in possession of all the important facts, when he asked:

"Do you know what a lawyer usually charges for such a case as this?"

"Now you're comin' right down to dots!" Carrots said, beginning to feel more at ease since the attorney treated him in such a friendly fashion. "You see, this fellow has n't got any money, an' I don't claim to be a millionaire myself. I know lawyers charge a good deal for doin' a little o' nothing; but I thought if

you'd kind er take it out in trade, we might make a bargain."

"What business are you in?"

"I shine boots; an' if you'll get this fellow out er the scrape, I'll come in here an' black your boots every mornin' this year, for nothin'. You can't make a better trade 'n that if you should look 'round a good while."

"That is quite a contract you are proposing."

"I know it; but you see I want ter make it an object for you to get Teddy out."

"That can be done only in the proper manner. The question is whether you have any witnesses to prove that this boy was not really fighting, and that he had sufficient provocation to excuse his trying to thrash the other one."

"Sufficient what?"

"Provocation. That is, whether what had been done was enough to warrant an attempt to whip this other boy; for, as I understand it, that is really what he did try to do."

"Why, of course; he had to. How'd you like it if a fellow sneaked up an' whacked you in the face when you was n't doin' anything, an' knocked your papers in the mud?"

"It would n't be very pleasant, I'll admit; but how can you prove that such was the case? Who saw the beginning of the trouble?"

"I did, an' Teenie, an' lots of other fellows; but they would n't dare to tell it for fear Skip might thump 'em. He calls hisself a fighter."

"Then you two are willing to run the risk, and tell your story in court, are you?"

"Of course we are; but will you go an' get him out?"

"Suppose I should take this case, and spend an hour or two on it, how do I know you would come here each morning to black my boots, as you propose?"

"How do you know? Why, ain't Teenie here, an' don't he hear what I say? That's enough to make a trade if you've got a witness, ain't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," the lawyer replied, laughingly. "I don't see any other way for me but to take the case. Go to the Tombs, and wait there until I come."

"You'll be sure to be on hand before they bring him down, eh?"

"I won't neglect it."

With this assurance the boys left the office, and, once on the outside, Carrots said to his friend in a tone of relief:

"Well, now that 's fixed, an' I guess we need n't bother any more 'bout Teddy's gettin' out; but there 'll be an awful row when Skip hears what we 've done, an' you an' I 've got to stand right 'longside of each other if he tries any funny business. We must look out for him."

This suggestion that they would stand together against Teddy's enemy was far from displeasing to Master Massey.

In the seclusion of the packing-case home he could talk boldly about what Skip might yet be able to do; but once on the street, where it was possible to meet the bully at any moment, the matter assumed a different aspect, and he began to realize the danger in which he had thus voluntarily placed himself.

"It won't do for us to hang 'round here, 'cause he 's likely to come any minute," Teenie said in a tremulous tone. "I think we 'd better go down to the Tombs, an' then we 'll be on hand when the lawyer wants us."

This was a very good idea, and Carrots led the way at a rapid pace, both taking heed lest they should accidentally meet Skip.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRIAL.

CARROTS and Teenie succeeded in reaching the Tombs without being intercepted by Skip; and once there, they were unable to determine whether the court was in session.

In the vicinity of the judge's desk a number of men were standing, apparently talking on different subjects, and in the seats reserved for the spectators a few unfortunate-looking persons lounged.

"Well, the fellow ain't been brought in yet, that 's certain," Carrots said, gazing around the room in a vain search for his new acquaintance.

"Do you s'pose they will put handcuffs on him?" Teenie asked in a tone of awe. "I reckon he 'd be jest about crazy if they 'd send him up to the Island."

"It would start 'most anybody up to take a dose like that; but of course it won't happen now we 've got the lawyer. I tell you he 'll

be s'prised to see how we 've fixed things, won't he?"

"Indeed he will; an' Skip 'll be hoppin' mad when *he* knows. We want ter keep pretty close together while we 're workin' this."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the sergeant who had been seen at the station-house, and Carrots went swiftly toward him, asking, as he halted in front of the officer:

"Did you bring that fellow down yet?"

"He will come in the van with the rest of the prisoners."

"You won't forget that you promised to try an' fix it?"

"I said I would see that the officer was n't hard on him. I can't *fix* anything. Have you got your witnesses here?"

"Yes; Teenie 's one, an' I 'm another, an' we 've hired a reg'lar lawyer."

"You have? Who?"

"A man by the name of Varney."

"Well, if he is coming I reckon you will be all right, unless you have a bad case; and from what the roundsman told me the fighting did n't amount to much."

"There was n't *any* of it! You see, Skip he give Teddy one in the face, an' then sent in a left-hander, an' Teddy he—"

"Never mind the story. I don't want to hear it, for I have n't the time," the officer said as he started toward the judge's bench.

Half an hour elapsed, and then the boys suddenly saw their new friend within a sort of iron cage at one end of the room.

"There he is!" Teenie whispered excitedly. "How do you s'pose he got in without our seein' him?"

Carrots stood erect and gazed at the prisoner a moment, as if debating whether to approach him or not.

Teddy presented a most forlorn appearance, standing aloof from the other prisoners as far as possible, and clinging to the iron bars, his usually clean face begrimed with dirt, through which the flowing tears had plowed tiny canals until he looked not unlike a small-sized Indian in war-paint.

This picture of sorrow made a deep impression on Carrots's tender heart, and, regardless

of whether he might be able to regain his seat, he marched toward the prisoners' cage.

Teddy had seen him coming, and stepped forward in the hope of speaking with this boy who had proved himself to be a real friend; but before a single word could be uttered, the officer interrupted the visitor by saying roughly:

"Get back there!"

"But I've got to talk with that fellow."

"Get back there! Do you hear what I tell you?" and he made a threatening gesture which was not at all terrifying to the self-possessed Carrots.

"I've got to talk with this fellow; he's a friend of mine, an' I ain't seen him since last night. He's goin' to get right out, too, 'cause he did n't do any-thing, an' would n't have been brought here if he'd had sense enough to run when they hollered 'Cops!' It was jest this way: Skip he struck out an' hit him in the face, an' then come in with a left-hander—"

Carrots had been advancing while speaking, and at this point the officer seized him

by one shoulder, spinning him around until he was heading in the direction from which he had come.

"If you make any attempt to speak to that boy, I'll put you in with him! What are you doing here, anyhow? Are you a witness?"

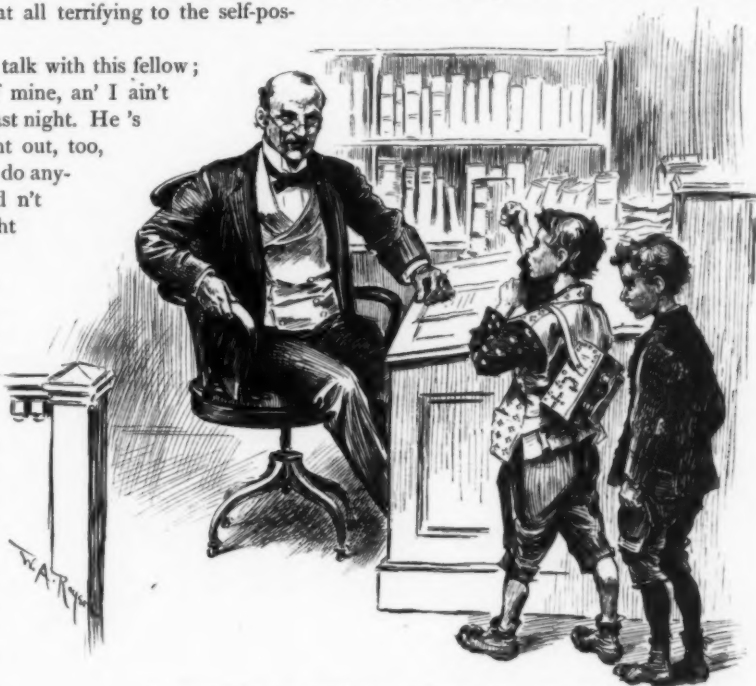
"Course I am. What else do you s'pose? Why, I've got to tell the judge all 'bout how this thing happened. You see, I was right there, an' when Skip come in with a left-hander, an' Teddy he warded it off—"

Carrots did not finish the sentence, for the

officer gave him a push which might have thrown him headlong but for the fact that Teenie chanced to be in the way, and thus prevented the fall.

"I guess we'd better get back to the settee," Carrots said, looking at the officer an instant, as if to make out whether the latter was really in earnest in this last movement.

Carrots was whispering to Teenie his opinion of the officer in charge of the prisoners when the lawyer arrived; and then for the first time



"IT WAS JEST LIKE THIS," SAID CARROTS." (SEE PAGE 746.)

did Teddy's friends learn that court had been in session all the while since they entered.

It was a positive relief to see the attorney; and, lest the latter should think those who employed him had not followed the directions given, Carrots made his presence known by going up to the gentleman in the most confidential manner, and announcing cheerfully: "We're here."

"Yes, I see you are. Sit down. I'll call you when you're wanted."

"But are you sure you remember what I told

you 'bout how it happened? You don't want to forget that Skip jumped in an' hit Teddy in the face, and then come in with a left —"

"You shall be asked to tell that story, my boy, presently; but just now I don't care to hear it, and have n't the time. Sit down until your name is called."

"I 'm 'fraid that lawyer don't 'mount to much," Carrots whispered to Teenie as he obeyed the gentleman's command. "It seems like he 's puttin' on a good many airs, an' don't want ter listen to how the thing happened. Now I don't b'lieve any man can fix it with the judge, 'less he 's got the whole thing down fine."

"The sergeant said he was all right, an' he ought ter know; so I reckon we can 'ford to wait," Teenie replied contentedly.

It seemed to the impatient Carrots as if it must have been nearly noon when he heard the clerk call the name "Theodore Thurston"; and an instant later the young prisoner from Saranac was conducted to the dock.

Almost at the same moment Skip Jellison, accompanied by several of his most intimate friends, entered the room, and immediately became aware that Carrots and Teenie were in attendance.

Without hesitation, and as if such scenes were perfectly familiar to him, Master Skip approached Teddy's friends in an easy, careless fashion, as he asked:

"What are you two doin' here?"

"Came down to see how the new fellow gets along. Don't s'pose you 've got any 'bjections, have you?" Carrots replied.

"I don't know whether I have or not."

"Well, after you find out jest give me the word, 'cause we 're bound to dust whenever you give us the tip."

It was evident to Master Jellison that Carrots was speaking sarcastically, and he took no further notice of this insolence, save to say warningly:

"You want to mind your eye, that's all! The fellow what tries to help that chump along is goin' to get inter trouble."

"Same 's you did over to Brooklyn the other day, eh?" Carrots asked coolly.

"Wait till I catch you outside, an' we 'll see if you 've got anything more to say 'bout

Brooklyn!" And with this threat Master Jellison and his friends advanced to a settee nearer the judge, where they seated themselves with a great show of what was probably intended to be dignity.

"He 's come to see if we 're goin' to tell anything 'bout the row," Teenie whispered; and it could plainly be seen that Master Massey was very much frightened regarding the probable outcome of thus attempting to aid the stranger.

At that moment Carrots was startled out of his self-possession — although he had come especially as a witness — by hearing his name called in a loud tone.

Three times the clerk shouted "Joseph Williams," and then Carrots exclaimed:

"By jiminy! he means me, does n't he?"

"Of course he does. Go 'long quick, or else that feller 'll be up on the Island before they know you 're here," said Teenie.

It was necessary the witness should pass Skip Jellison on his way to the stand; and in so doing he saw Teddy's enemy scowl and shake his fist in the most threatening manner.

"Don't get excited," Carrots stopped long enough to say. "You 're comin' out of it all right, even if you don't feel very good now."

Then he continued on until some one directed him which way to go; and for the first time in his life he laid his hand on a Bible, and swore to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

If, as is extremely probable, Skip had come for the purpose of hearing what was said, he was disappointed, as are nearly all the visitors to the Tombs court, where it is an impossibility for one on the spectators' benches to distinguish any remark made either by the judge or the witness, unless the latter chances to have a particularly clear voice.

Those inside the railing, however, could understand quite distinctly all that was said; and, judging from their mirth, Carrots's examination must have been to them an amusing one.

On being asked his name, the witness replied, "Carrots"; and then the judge glowered down upon him until he realized that he had previously answered to that of "Joseph Williams."

After having made the proper correction,

and before it was possible for any one to ask him a question, Carrots leaned toward the magistrate in a confidential and friendly manner, as he began:

"You see, Judge, it was jest like this: Skip he jumped in an' hit Teddy one in the face, an' then come back with a left-hander; but Teddy warded it off, an' then —"

"Stop!" the judge cried severely. "When I want you to tell the story I will ask for it. Did you see this boy fighting in the park?"

"He was n't fightin' at all. He did n't have time, for the park policeman caught him. You see, it was jest this way: Skip he jumped in an' smashed Teddy in the face, an' then come with a left-hander —"

Again was the witness interrupted; and this time Mr. Varney stepped forward to where he could say in a low tone to Carrots:

"You must simply answer the judge's questions — not attempt to tell the story yourself."

"Yes, sir; but how 'll he know what 's what if I don't give him the whole right through?" Carrots asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Attend to what he says, and don't try to tell anything else."

"What was this boy doing when the policeman arrested him?" the judge asked, as he looked sternly at the witness.

"He was n't doin' nothin', 'cause he did n't have time. You see, Skip run as soon as he hit him, an' knocked his papers down, an' then —"

"Did the prisoner go in pursuit of the boy whom you call Skip?"

"Course he did; 'cause, you see, Skip knocked his papers in the mud, an' hit him once in the face; an' he would have come in with a left-hander, if Teddy had n't warded it off."

"What was the prisoner doing when this boy struck him?"

"He was sellin' a paper to a man in a horse-car. You see, Skip he 'lowed that Teddy could n't run the business in New York; but Teddy he walked 'way down from Saranac jest to get a livin', an' Skip don't have any right to tell fellows whether they 're to work or not."

"Had the prisoner said anything to this boy who struck him?"

"No; you see, he did n't have time. Skip jumped right in an' hit him once in the face, an' —"

"Now, don't tell that story again. Had there been any quarrel between these two?"

"No, sir; you see, Teddy did n't come in town till this mornin', an' he never knew Skip from a side of sole-leather."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well, I s'pose he is," Carrots replied hesitatingly. "You see, when he got inter the trouble, somebody had to help him out, an' there did n't seem to be anybody willin' but me. He ought ter be my friend if I 'm goin' to black the lawyer's boots a whole year jest to pay for this racket."

"If your honor will allow me, I will tell the story as I have managed to extract it — I use the word 'extract' advisedly — from this witness and his friend," the lawyer said, as he advanced a few paces amid the smiles of all those near the bench.

"Do you wish to explain about your fee?" the judge asked laughingly.

"Perhaps that is hardly necessary, since lawyers are seldom known to refuse anything offered in the way of payment. That was the proposition made by the witness and witnessed by his friend."

Then the attorney related what had occurred in his office, to the no slight amusement of those who could hear him; and when he concluded, the judge turned to Carrots again, looking very much more friendly than before.

"Then you assure me on your oath that the prisoner did not fight with the other boy in City Hall Park?"

"Why, no; how could he? He did n't get the chance. You see, Skip hit him in the face, an' then come in with a left-hander; but Teddy warded it off, and then Skip run. The policeman grabbed Teddy too quick, you see. I reckon he 'd have paid Skip off in great shape, 'cause I b'lieve he can do it."

"Then you admit that he would have fought if he had had the opportunity?"

"Of course he would! S'posin' a fellow smashed you in the neck, an' knocked your papers in the mud, would n't you fight? I guess you would!"

"I will do the questioning, and you can confine yourself to answering," said the judge.

"That's all I was doin', sir," Carrots replied, a trifle abashed by the change which came over the judge's face at his free manner of speaking.

Then it seemed as if the witness was entirely forgotten. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him until fully five minutes later, when the lawyer beckoned for him to come down from the stand to where he was speaking in a low tone with Teddy.

"You can go now," the gentleman said; "and I shall be curious to learn how long you will keep the promise made in regard to blacking my boots."

"Well, what are you goin' to do with Teddy?" Carrots asked, a look of disappointment coming over his face as he fancied that the prisoner was not to be set free.

"He has been discharged. It is all right now. Go out with him, and be careful not to get into any more trouble on the street, for it might go hard with you if either came here the second time."

"He's discharged—did you say?" Carrots repeated. "Does that mean he can go anywhere he wants to?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you're a dandy! I'll live right up to the 'greement I made, an' don't you forget it!" Carrots replied enthusiastically, and then, as the lawyer turned away, presumably to attend to his own business, the amateur Good Samaritan led Teddy from the room, closely followed by Teenie, who said, when they were once more on the outside of the building:

"It won't do to loaf 'round here. Skip Jellison an' his gang were jest gettin' up when I come out. They'll be after us if we don't dust 'mighty lively."

"Let's go down by the ferry, where we can

kind er straighten things, an' see what we're goin' to do," Carrots suggested.

Teddy was not disposed to run from the enemy; but his companions insisted it would be more than foolish to risk an encounter, and he allowed himself to be led away at a rapid pace.

"Why not go over to your house, Carrots?" Teenie asked. "They'll never find us there."

"I could n't get in without somebody's seein' me, an' I don't want to give the snap away, else the whole thing will be broke up. We can do all the chinnin' we want ter 'round the ferry."

"Seems to me I ought ter go to work. I can't 'ford to fool so much time away now, after I've been kept still so long," Teddy said gravely. "I came here countin' on makin' money enough every day to live on, an' began by losin' my stock the first thing."

"You ain't lost it yet. I sold every one of your papers, an' have got the money in my pocket to give you."

"You're a mighty good fellow, Carrots; an' if ever I can do anything to help you, I'll be glad of the chance."

"All I ask is that you stand 'longside of me when Skip an' his crowd come 'round, 'cause I'll need a friend pretty bad then."

"He sha'n't touch you when I'm near; but I don't see how it's goin' to be stopped, if they 'rest fellows for fightin' in the city," Teddy replied in a tone of perplexity; and straightway the three were plunged into a maze of bewilderment that the law should interfere by arresting a fellow when he attempted to defend himself, and allow the beginner of the trouble to go free.

It seemed to be one of those tangles in the web woven by justice which older heads than theirs have failed to unravel.

(To be continued.)

The Dragon



BY TUDOR JENKS.

THERE was once a prosperous little town that grew up in a valley shut in by high mountains. A road entered the valley by a narrow rocky pass at one end, ran through the town, making the chief street, and then climbed the mountains and led out of the valley again. There was no way through the valley except by this road.

As the road was a highway between two large cities, the valley town became a convenient resting-place for traders and travelers, and profited by their custom.

Far up on one of the mountains overhanging the valley lived a colony of dragons. They were very timid creatures, and, remaining amid the rocky heights of their home, were never seen by men. Indeed, the inhabitants of the valley would have said there were no such

creatures in existence. But as the dragons were not disturbed they increased in numbers, and soon found it a difficult matter to secure food. Then the stronger dragons drove their weaker fellows away from their native places, compelling them to seek a living elsewhere.

One young dragon happened at last to station himself in one of the passes that led into the valley where the town was situated; and, being tired by his long crawl, the dragon lay down in the highway to rest.

Soon there came a party of traders, on foot and horseback, making their way toward the town, where they expected to rest that night. While jogging along quietly, talking about the equator, suddenly they found themselves face to face with the young dragon.

There were seven travelers, and they gave

seven different sorts of yell, threw down their bundles, and took to their own or their horses' heels, without arranging where to meet again.

Now it happened, the dragon being greenish in hue, that he had not been seen until the party of traders was just opposite; and consequently the fleeing traders separated into two parties. Four of them ran back toward the city they had left that morning, and three went helter-skelter down into the valley town.

As for the dragon, he was more scared than anybody; and he tried to run away too. But, being in too much of a hurry to climb either side of the pass, he ran first after one party, and then after the other. Finding men in both directions, he returned and howled dismally.

But when the poor thing's terror had worn itself out, he began to nose about among those

this food without thinking of his digestion, and soon after sank into an unquiet slumber.

Meanwhile the seven travelers were relating to the citizens and villagers the awful adventure that had befallen them in the pass. The seven travelers told seven different stories, and their listeners, in carrying the report to their neighbors, freely invented whatever small details each found necessary. So by nightfall nearly every household had scared itself out of its seven senses with a mixture of a little fact and a great deal of guessing. By midnight both town and city were either dozing uneasily or were staring wide awake with ears pricked up.

And by midnight that unhappy dragon was wide awake, too, and struggling with a severe internal pain. As his diet until then had been mainly mountain herbs and spring water, it is not surprising that the miscellaneous bill of fare he had just eaten should disagree with him.

The dragon did not understand what was the trouble, but he soon began to yell and roar and whine and grumble.

Down in the valley below these noises rose upon the night air with a soul-freezing effect, and those citizens who had first said "Pooh!" or "Pshaw — nonsense!" were scared out of their seven wits.

The next day the Mayor summoned the town-council, and held a meeting behind locked doors. The councilmen were staid, respectable

packages the travelers had thrown away. He found several packages of raisins, three or four hams, some salted fish, and a small keg of ginger. He was very hungry, and devoured all merchants, but they came into the Town Hall shaking in their shoes.

"Gentlemen," said the Mayor, "an unfounded rumor has come to our ears—"



"THEY TOOK TO THEIR OWN OR THEIR HORSES' HEELS."



Just then a wild shriek was heard faintly in the distance, and the Mayor stopped short, turned pale, and remained silent until the echoes died away. Then he began again:

"Gentlemen—this most extraordinary occurrence, of which no doubt—" here a second wail of distress made him catch his breath; and the Mayor abruptly concluded, "How are we to get rid of this frightful creature?"

After a few moments one of the council rose and remarked as follows:

"There is no danger, I have understood, so long as the dragon is well fed. If the beast is made desperate by hunger, he may be tempted to descend into the town, and who can tell—" a third yell rose, swelled to a shriek, and died away—"who can tell, I say, what awful things he may do?"

"What can be done?" asked the Mayor.

"I advise that we send the militia with a store of provisions, and let them deposit these in the road, so the monster may not approach."

"A WILD SHRIEK WAS HEARD FAINTLY IN THE DISTANCE, AND THE MAYOR STOPPED SHORT."

Since no other plan was proposed, a vote was taken, and the measure was adopted unanimously.

The militia grumbled, but they had to go. Armed to the teeth, they started up toward the pass, accompanied by two very heavily loaded

wagons containing a choice selection of provisions. As the dragon was now feeling less disturbed, his complaints had ceased; and the militia gained in courage as they advanced. They saw no signs of the dragon, and began to believe he had fled. But when they had come near enough to see the traders' baggage torn to bits, they lost courage at once, and, wheeling to the right-about, began a return march that soon became a retreat, then turned into a rout, and ended in a panic. They arrived in town in single file: the best runner first, the second next, and so on down to the drummer-boy, a little fellow who could n't get up much speed, and who ran only because the rest did.

As the wagons had been cut loose and left in the road, it was not long before the dragon discovered them. When his appetite returned, he examined the contents of the two wagons,

helped himself freely, and, before many hours had passed, was again in trouble with himself, and again confiding his troubles to the mountain echoes.

When the dragon's roaring was heard for the second time, the Mayor, without waiting to convene his advisers, sent a second supply of food.

This time the soldiers did n't go further than was necessary to see the other wagons. Consequently the dragon, gaining in courage and confidence, came nearer to the town, and made a third meal.

This time, the drummer-boy, who was a brave little fellow after all, became rather curious about the dragon. Instead of running away, therefore, he waited until the rest of the troop were out of sight, and then climbed a tree.

For a while nothing happened; and the drummer-boy began even to get sleepy; but just about twilight the boy heard the rattling and crackling of the dragon's scales. He peered out through the leaves and soon saw the dragon cautiously crawling down the road toward the wagons. The boy was so startled by the sight that he gave a violent jump, and thereby knocked his drum out of its resting-place in the tree.

Whack-bang—rattlety—*bang!* the drum fell through the branches to the ground. And at the noise the timid dragon went scuttling away up the road like a frightened mouse.

"Oho!" cried the boy. "So *that's* the sort of a creature you are, Mr. Dragon!"

Climbing leisurely down, the drummer-boy picked up his drum, slung it over his shoulder, and returned to the town, laughing quietly to himself.

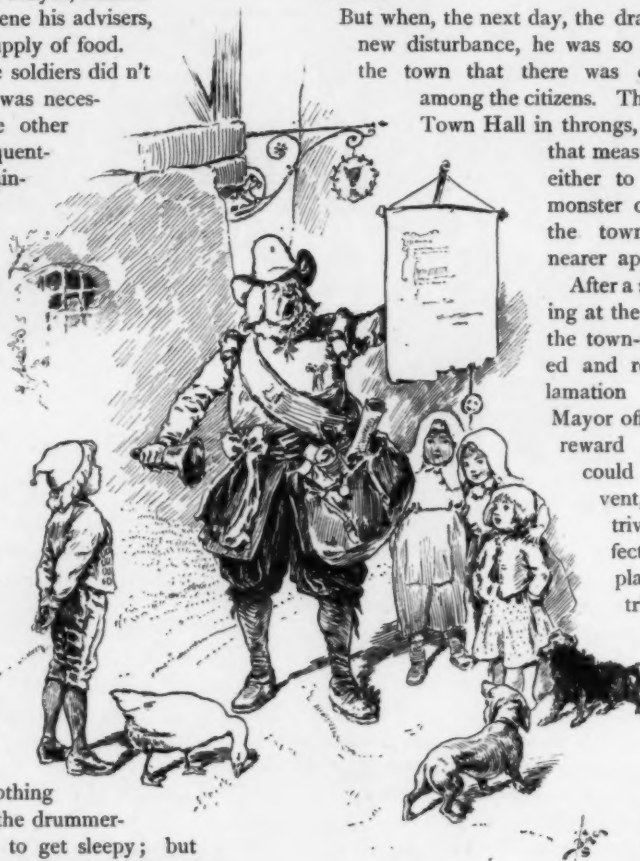
But when, the next day, the dragon made a new disturbance, he was so much nearer the town that there was consternation among the citizens. They ran to the Town Hall in throngs, and insisted that measures be taken either to destroy the monster or to protect the town from his nearer approach.

After a stormy meeting at the Town Hall, the town-crier appeared and read a proclamation from the Mayor offering a rich reward to whoever could "devise, invent, or contrive" some effective "means, plan, or contrivance" that would now, "henceforth and forevermore" and "without fail put an end to and abate" the "said public menace, enemy, and

threat to the prosperity and welfare of the municipality."

The proclamation, in fact, wound up by promising to grant any request that might be made by the lucky man who should succeed in overcoming or getting rid of the dragon.

No sooner was the proclamation read, than the drummer-boy darted out from the crier's audience and sped away home as fast as he



"THE TOWN-CRIER APPEARED AND READ A PROCLAMATION FROM THE MAYOR."

could go. For the drummer-boy had a big brother, and the Mayor had a daughter, and the big brother was in love with the Mayor's daughter, who was a lovely and accomplished young lady. But the Mayor had "frowned upon" the big brother's "suit," because the young man was only a lieutenant of dragoons, instead of a brigadier-general glittering with gold lace, with epaulets, and other trimmings.

The drummer-boy hastened home and ran up to his brother's room. The big brother was trying to write verses, and making himself sadder because the verses were not proving all that he tried to make them. And the drummer-boy rushed in, and forgot to knock at the door, and began to tell his big brother all about the Mayor and the proclamation, and the dragon, and the drum falling out of the tree, and the dragon's running away, until the big brother was entirely bewildered.

But after a while the drummer-boy succeeded in telling his story, and the big brother succeeded in understanding it. And then both put on their best hats, and ran off to the Mayor's house. They rang the bell hard, were admitted, and the lieutenant offered to rid the town of the dragon upon condition that the Mayor would promise him his chosen bride. The Mayor was not at all impressed; but he made up his mind that either the young lieutenant of dragoons would succeed in driving off the dragon, or else that the dragon would take care that he was no more bothered by the lieutenant. So he agreed to the plan, put his promise in writing, sealed it with his signet-ring, and dismissed the two brothers with a feeling of relief.

Next day the lieutenant

and the drummer-boy set forth for the pass. They were armed only with a few giant fire-crackers and a supply of matches.

When they reached the pass, the dragon, who had learned to expect food when he saw uniforms approaching, came smilingly forward to meet them. The big brother was a little nervous, perhaps; and so, when the dragon came within about a hundred yards, he lighted one of the cannon-crackers, and flung it toward the dragon.

Now, the dragon expected food; and when he saw the attractive red-paper covering of the cracker, he rushed forward, and caught it eagerly in his mouth. The dragon tried to bite the cracker in two; but there was no need of that — the giant cracker came to pieces without any assistance, and the dragon was frightened almost to death by the noise of the explosion and the terrific concussion. He started to run away up the pass. But the drummer-boy had meanwhile lighted another fire-cracker; and



"THE LIEUTENANT OFFERED TO RID THE TOWN OF THE DRAGON."

this was thrown so cleverly that it exploded just in front of the fleeing dragon.

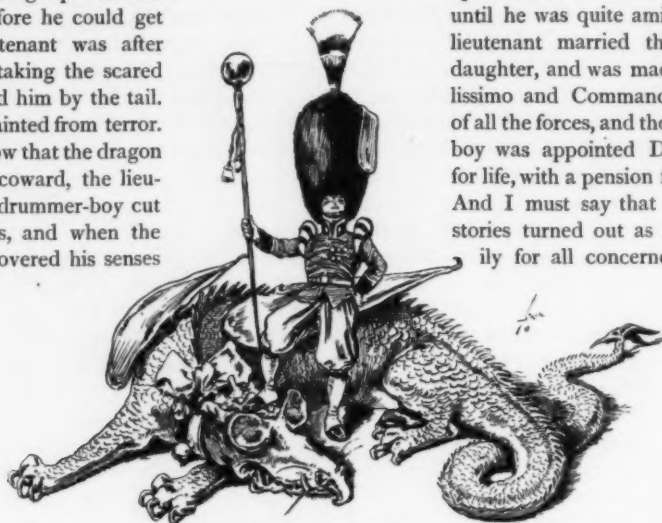
Then, with an awful shriek, the dragon turned and went climbing up over the rocks. But before he could get away, the lieutenant was after him; and, overtaking the scared reptile, he seized him by the tail.

The dragon fainted from terror.

Convinced now that the dragon was an arrant coward, the lieutenant and the drummer-boy cut two stout sticks, and when the dragon had recovered his senses

they drove him through the town and into their back yard.

So it all ended happily. The dragon was fed upon oatmeal and rice-pudding until he was quite amiable. The lieutenant married the Mayor's daughter, and was made Generalissimo and Commander-in-chief of all the forces, and the drummer-boy was appointed Drum-major for life, with a pension for old age. And I must say that I wish all stories turned out as satisfactorily for all concerned.



"DRUM-MAJOR FOR LIFE."

A LETTER TO JOHN.

By W. C. McCLELLAND.

THIS is the letter that goes to John,
Who lives in the street where the roar
roars on,

And never stops when the day grows dim,—
This is the letter that goes to him.

It comes from Acheson Avenue,
Where the trees are many and houses few;
Where the bird's food hangs on the old
quince-tree,

And tickles the tongue of the chickadee;
Where the little, chirruping, saucy wren
Bustles about like a clucking hen;
Where kinglets caper and jump like clowns,
With gleaming ruby and golden crowns!

"When the wind that blows from the cold
North Pole

Has crept away into some deep hole,
Do you come out to the avenue,
Where the trees are many and houses few;

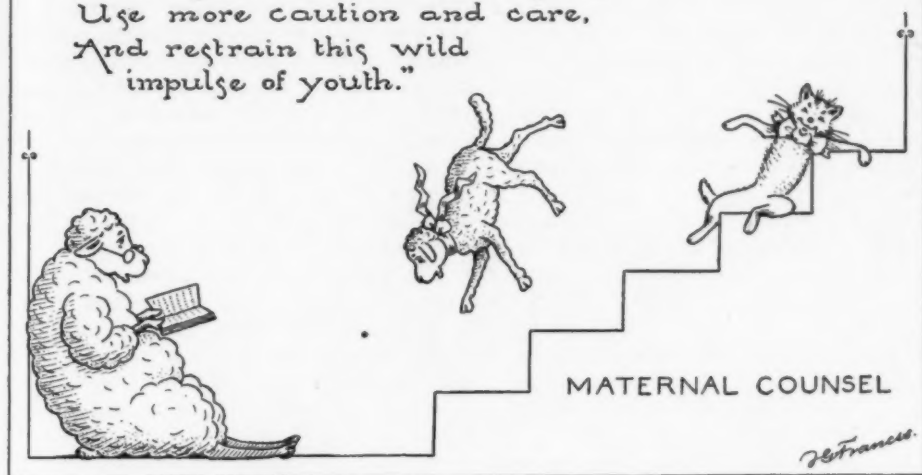
And we'll watch the sailor birds, brave and slim,
From the tops of the pear-trees dive and
swim!

And we'll feed the squirrel, as you shall see,
Whose home is a hole by the willow-tree;
And I'll tell you a tale of a big black bear,—
It's a finer tale than the rabbits wear!
Then there'll be a pie for you and me,
That will make us hop like a chickadee.
But to tell all the things that we may try
Would fill an envelop three feet high!

"Now, if you don't think that this is true,
Just ask Miss Mary and Margaret, too,
And your father and mother, and—then
take breath,

And then you may question Elizabeth.
So this is your letter, fresh from the mill,
And it comes direct from
your Uncle Will."

Said a Sheep to her child, "My dear Ruth,
Such precipitate haste is uncouth.
When you come down a stair
Use more caution and care,
And restrain this wild
impulse of youth."



A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

To the brother and sister, thus theatrically made known to one another, the revelation was overwhelming. Philip turned white with surprise. Mademoiselle flushed deeply, then paled as swiftly, and looked with an almost piteous expression upon the man she had always regarded as her father.

Then came the reaction from bewilderment to joy.

"Is it so?" cried Philip.

"What?—it is Philip?" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

And then brother and sister fell into each

other's arms. Citizen Daunou's eyes were filled with tears. Uncle Fauriel tossed his chapeau in air. Corporal Peyrolles danced on his one good leg, for joy. Pierre looked on with the air of one who had been in the secret all along, and actually contemplated one of the old-time hand-springs of his street-boy days. The Emperor walked swiftly to Citizen Daunou and clapped that staid old republican on the back.

"Daunou, is this your work?" he cried. "It is great. You have exceeded my expectations." But Citizen Daunou was just, even in his excitement: he simply shook his head, and waved his hand toward Pierre.

Philip and Mademoiselle, still hand in hand, looked into each other's eyes, laughing and crying in the same moment. For them the

fate of nations, the importance of that historic day, the clouds of war, the peace of Europe, were all forgotten. In all the world there was no one just then but Philip and Lucie. They had found what neither knew, what neither dreamed of.

"I cannot believe it, Philip; can you—can you?" cooed the happy girl.

"My sister, my sister, my sister!" the boy repeated, lingering lovingly over each word. "Tell us, tell us, my friend," he said, turning to Citizen Daunou; "what does all this mean? I know it is the truth, but—how did you find it out?"

Then the Emperor broke in: "You shall have time for explanations—you two—you three," he said. "Look you, *Lieutenant Desnouettes*," he said, emphasizing, to Philip's delight, the rank thus conferred upon him, "I grant you an unlimited leave of absence. Go home with your sister. When I need you I will summon you to my side. No; no words. I know your willingness to serve me. This is my will. Be happy, my children, for a brief season. I am no monster to separate a new-found family—though some do deem me so," he added, with a slap this time on the fat shoulders of Uncle Fauriel. "Take them home with you, Citizen Daunou. When Philip sees me again, he can tell me all that he has learned. My friend the Inspector,"—this to the delighted Pierre,—"*I am proud of you. Some day you will be a minister of police. Adieu, my children!*" he said, placing a hand affectionately on the heads of Philip and Mademoiselle. "My horse, Constant!" he cried to his valet. Then, vaulting to his saddle, he commanded: "Forward, gentlemen; to Prussia and victory!"

"Long live the Emperor!" rose the shout. The trumpets sounded; the drums rolled; the escort wheeled into line; the green coat and the little chapeau disappeared in the distance, as out of the court of the Tuileries and off toward the barriers the Emperor and his glittering escort galloped through the applauding streets of Paris, off for the war.

Still wondering, still hand in hand, the brother and sister walked back to the Street of the Fight. And there, while all the air was electric with excitement and the presage of battle, they

passed the days in close companionship, careless of the future, happy in the knowledge and enjoyment of their new relationship, and making Citizen Daunou tell them, again and again, the story of how he had unraveled the mystery and given them thus to each other.

He told them of their father the *émigré*—the man who had died for principle, almost the last victim of the tyrants of the Terror. He told them how Nurse Marcel, the widow of the sansculotte, had, through fear of the consequences, represented Mademoiselle as her daughter when Citizen Daunou had adopted the baby girl into his home; and how she had lived with her as nurse and companion. He told how he had found the document that had established Philip's identity and given him a clue to the discovered relationship. He told of the missing part of the record, and the Emperor's knowledge of the affair; and he gave to Pierre the Inspector all the credit and glory for the discovery that completed the reading of the riddle.

Babette, too, Philip's young foster-sister, came in for her share of the enjoyment; and even Mother Thérèse, sly and gruff though she was, had to hear the recital and tell her part of the story,—how the Directory gave her this boy to bring up, what a good boy he always was (though Philip wondered when she found *that* out!), and how she had always said he would be a great man before he died.

So the days passed—happily, quietly, joyfully. Then came news from the front to increase the general joy. The Emperor had marched to new and glorious victories. At Lutzen and at Bautzen he had met and conquered his foes. Triumph was in the air. Peace was surely at hand. All Europe would soon be at the feet of the conqueror. In spite of the Russian campaign the Emperor was again supreme.

Paris went wild with delight. The Empress Regent rode in state to the great church of Notre Dame to hear the *Te Deum* in praise of the victories; and, when the war was over, the Empress and the King of Rome, it was said, were to be crowned by the Emperor in token of the supremacy and triumph of France.

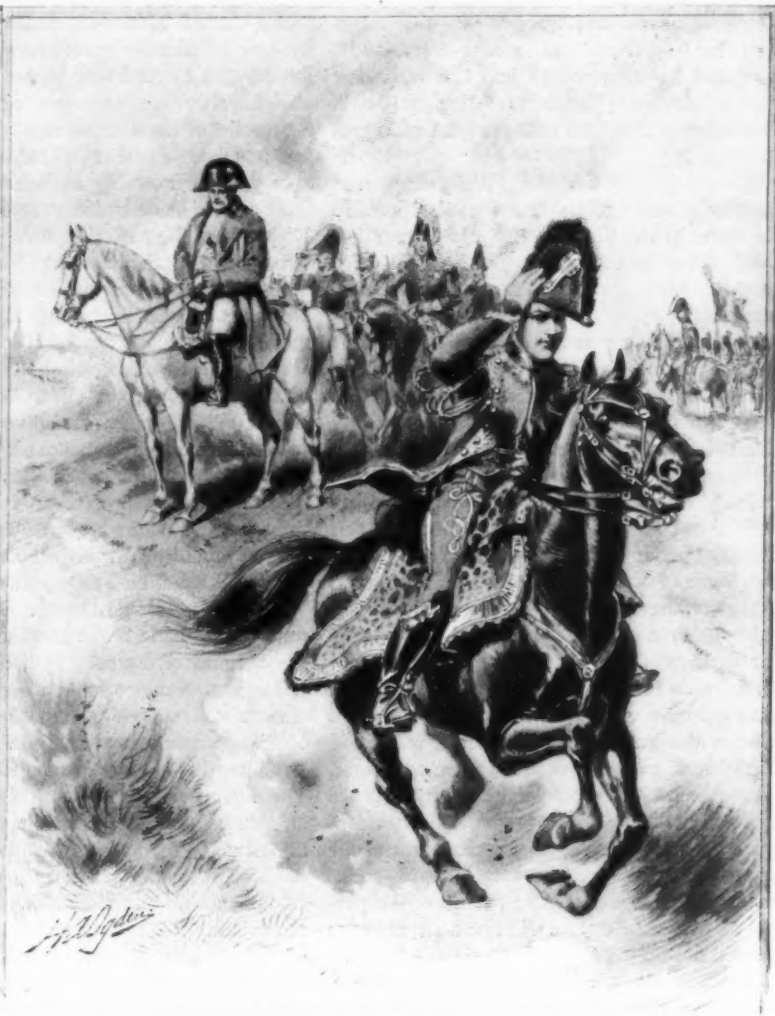
The battles of Lutzen and Bautzen had been

stubborn and bloody. Many thousands of brave men had fallen on each side. But what of that? They were victories for France, won by the boys of France; for the fighting battalions of that bloody campaign of 1813 was in large part drawn from the youth of France and Germany. Philip had heard with pride how a Marshal—Ney, “the bravest of the brave”—had stated that these boys were better than veterans, and that he could lead them anywhere; and how, at Lutzen, the Emperor in the suprememoment dashed into the thick of the fight, and shouted to the young conscripts who held the center: “My children, I rely

upon you to save the Empire. Forward! France is watching you. Learn how to die for her!” And they did; for, with ringing shouts of “Long live the Emperor!” the boys then charged the Prussians, and with the bayonet’s point turned the tide of battle and won the day for France.

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This was most inspiring. Already, notwithstanding the happy days with his new-found sister, Philip found himself becoming uneasy in idleness and wishing for the call to action.



"THE EYE OF THE EMPEROR, HE FELT, WAS UPON HIM." (SEE PAGE 763.)

It came at last. One day the following order, bearing the imperial seal, was delivered to him:

Lieutenant Philip Desnouettes, of the Officers of Ordonnance, is directed to accompany the Empress to Mayence, and to report for duty to the Emperor in person.

An armistice had been declared. Lutzen and Bautzen had called for a truce in the war; overtures for peace were made by Austria, a neutral power, and agreed to by France on the one side, and by the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, and Sweden on the other. And, in July, Napoleon, resting from battle, requested his Empress to join him for a few days at Mayence; for the armistice declared a suspension of hostilities until the tenth of August following.

"I go to join the Emperor," Philip announced joyfully to his sister and his good friends in the Street of the Fight. "But, alas! I am destined never to see service in the field. We shall have peace, and the Emperor will be the master of Europe."

"I hope so, my son," Citizen Daunou said; "but I do not believe it. The enemies of France are too many and too determined. They will fight to the death, and crush us by numbers. This conflict is not like those that have gone before. Our foemen have learned the art of war from the Emperor. They will turn the knowledge to fatal account. This armistice is but the prelude to yet more bloody fighting, and a defeat will be our death-blow. Oh, that the Emperor would see his opportunity! France asks for peace; the world asks for it. By it the Emperor might confound his enemies, and bring about results more glorious than the most victorious war. But he will not. To-day the Emperor is great; he is victorious. How much greater, how much more the victor, would he be if he would sign a treaty of peace giving up the needless provinces he has conquered, and inscribe upon that treaty the words: 'These are the sacrifices to peace made by Napoleon for the welfare of the people of France.' But he will not do it, my son; he will not do it."

Philip could not agree with his old friend. What young fellow living in an atmosphere of conquest would believe that there was such a thing as a giving that was a gaining?

He bade his dear ones adieu, took his place in the cortège of the Empress, and in high spirits set out to join the Emperor, then resting at Mayence.

They rode from St. Cloud on the twenty-

third of July, stopping on the way at Châlons and at Metz, and on the twenty-sixth reached Mayence. And there Philip again saw the Emperor.

"So, my noble young lieutenant of ordonnance," cried Napoleon, pulling Philip's ear by way of friendly greeting, "you are ready for duty, eh? And how is the pretty sister at Paris? Now see what you can do to make her proud of her relationship. You will. Be but less heedless than of old, and more the man you are now big enough to be."

Festivities made brilliant the brief visit of the Empress to Mayence. Princes and potentates thronged the audience-chamber. Fêtes and illuminations, reviews and receptions, balls and banquets, crowded each other for ten days, and the old Rhenish city was full of stir and splendor.

But beneath was keen anxiety. The world wished for peace; yet the world would know, all too well, the unbending will of the Emperor.

The Emperor did have his way. He refused to listen to the appeals of Austria and the demands of Russia. Not an inch of France's conquests would he resign. The enemies of France should sue from him as from a victor. He would never be a suppliant.

The tenth of August came. Hostilities were resumed. Austria broke her pledges and joined the enemies of France; and, under the walls of Dresden, Napoleon with a hundred thousand men hurled himself against the allied powers of Europe, nearly two hundred thousand strong.

There Philip first "smelled gunpowder." There he received his "baptism of fire." There for the first time he heard the thunder of hostile cannon, the clash of opposing steel, the shrill neigh of the war-horse. With shouts of command were mingled the cries of combatants, the swelling cheer of the victor, the sullen growl of the vanquished, the backward note of retreat, and the forward yell of pursuit. There, too, Philip heard the sharp scream of the wounded, the muffled groan of the dying, and saw all the pomp and pain, all the glory and misery, of the legalized murder that men call war.

He heard all, he saw all, he was a part of all. At first kept busy in writing and despatching orders rapidly dictated by the Emperor,—that master of the art of war, whose eye seemed

everywhere, whose ear caught everything,—Philip paid but little attention to the details of the conflict. Then, despatched on some imperative mission, he came face to face with death; looked at it, paled before it, trembled before it, braced himself before it, and then, all on fire with excitement, desire, and duty, hardened himself in the presence of it, and became as reckless, as daring, as heedless, and as unconcerned as any of the thousands of young conscripts who made up the victorious army of Napoleon on that brilliant day of struggle and achievement before the walls of Dresden.

Three times his duty carried him into the thick of the fight, amid flying bullets, falling fighters, the rush of battalions, and the clash of steel. The eye of the Emperor, he felt, was upon him; that Emperor who, braving death a hundred times, saw this weak spot, reckoned on that movement, hurled his squadrons against this wall of men, massed his infantry for a charge upon that yielding break, and, fighting sword in hand like any sub-lieutenant in the ranks, unmindful of the torrents of driving rain, heedless of the masses of clogging mud, cried: "Forward, my children! again and yet again! I cannot be beaten!" and added to his laurels as a conqueror the masterly victory of Dresden.

Philip was roused; he was electrified; he grew full of the fury of battle. He galloped this way and that, commanding, crying, cheering, carried away by excitement. And, when he rode with the hussars, pursuing the routed Prussians, he saw the only enemy that remained to face the victorious Frenchmen—a great, alert, watchful-eyed Danish hound, searching for his master.

Philip whistled cheerily, and the dog came at the call. Then it bristled with growl and bark, as the boy it did not know leaned from his saddle to pet and capture it. The chase slackened; the bugles sounded the recall; and when, the battle over, the enemy flying, the victory won, Philip rode back to the French lines, he brought with him the only trophy of his valor, a single prisoner—this dog.

He glanced at the hound's collar. Upon it he read: "*I am General Moreau's dog.*"

"Moreau? Moreau?" he queried. "It is a French name. Can it be that renegade?"

"Ha! Moreau the deserter! Moreau the renegade! Moreau the traitor! Kill the dog!" cried the soldiers; for the presence of Moreau, once the greatest of French fighters,—Moreau the victor of Hohenlinden,—as a leader in the ranks of the enemy, had infuriated and enraged the army.

"Hands off! The dog is my prisoner!" Philip cried.

With a laugh, the soldiers yielded to the young lieutenant. And when Philip rode through the gates of Dresden, he carried with him this captured pet of Napoleon's old-time comrade and rival.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE CLAWS OF THE CORSICAN."

PHILIP dismounted, and, still followed by his prisoner, entered the palace of the Saxon kings, in which the victorious Emperor had established his headquarters.

There he found Napoleon—wet, bedraggled, tired, but triumphant—with the point of his cocked hat hanging in ruin upon his shoulder, and the famous gray overcoat streaked with mud. The Emperor had been three days without rest, and twelve hours in the pouring rain. But he had won the fight; he had sent the enemy flying across the Saxon borders. Satisfaction and delight shone upon his face.

"Ah, ha! my ordonnance boy!" he cried. "You are there, eh? And how is it with you? You have worked hard; you have worked faithfully. He who writes and rides may be as brave as he who carries the eagle or waves the sword. I am proud of you, young Desnouettes!"

Praise is a wonderful medicine. It is rest for tired bones; it is balm for smarting wounds; it is even comfort in dying. To a boy who feels that he really has done his duty, it is especially sweet to hear the words "Well done!" And praise from Napoleon was both a reward and an inspiration.

Philip grasped the Emperor's extended hand, and kissed it in acknowledgment. "Sire," he said, "you can never be beaten! I would not have missed this day for all the palaces in Paris!"

Napoleon smiled again. Then he spied the

hound, and asked, "Ah, that dog? Is it Moreau's, as I have heard?"

"So his collar says, Sire," Philip replied. "I took him prisoner in a cottage at Räcknitz."

"Räcknitz!" exclaimed the Emperor. "But that was where I turned the guns upon the Prussian staff. Poor Moreau!" said Napoleon, passing his hand over his brow. "I honored him once, though he was ever jealous of me.—Well, all goes finely. Rest yourself, Lieutenant Desnouettes, and to-morrow prepare to ride with me—very early, remember—to our camp at Pirna. We must follow fast on the run-aways, and smother them in the hills. And then—on to Berlin!"

To the great camp at Pirna—ten miles south-east of Dresden—Philip rode with the Emperor, and was at once busied in writing orders directing the pursuit of the demoralized Allies.

Suddenly, in the midst of an order to General Vandamme, who was to head off the retreat near Kulm, a hundred miles to the north, the Emperor gave a sharp cry, clapped a hand over his lower waistcoat buttons, and doubled up completely, unable to think or act.

Napoleon had the stomach-ache.

You laugh at this; but let me tell you there is nothing so demoralizing as pain. Headache and indigestion have wrecked more than one great cause. Men who can withstand armies have surrendered to the toothache. Napoleon was never victorious on the sea because he was always too seasick to command in person. Napoleon could not endure pain, and lost his crown through a stomach-ache. For the cramp that caught him that day at Pirna kept him from pursuing his routed foes, and with that failure to act began the conqueror's downfall.

At all events, he gave up his plan of conducting the pursuit in person. He returned to Dresden. Disaster fell upon his generals whenever they fought without him. Oudinot was beaten at Grossbeeren; Macdonald was overthrown at Katzbach; Vandamme was captured at Kulm; Ney was routed at Dennewitz. The Allies turned back. With fresh troops swelling their recovering ranks, they drew about the man they had sworn to destroy.

His vassals forsook him; his tributaries deserted him. France was left alone, and, yield-

ing to the advice of his marshals rather than following his own wise judgment, Napoleon gave up his plan of marching upon Berlin. His enemies drew about him; they inclosed him in a ring of steel; and on the sixteenth of October, 1813, the Emperor and his men stood at bay under the walls of quaint old Leipsic—a handful against a host.

That bloodiest battle of modern times has been called the Battle of the Nations. It was France against all Europe. For three days it raged. Ninety-four thousand men were killed or wounded. Then the Saxons in the ranks of France went over in a body to the enemy. Retreat was a necessity. Napoleon was beaten.

But he would not admit it. Neither would Philip. The boy was worked nearly to death. He wrote, he rode, he ran; he scurried about amid flying bullets, looked almost down the throats of belching cannon, got himself entangled in moving masses of infantry, and dodged many a sweeping cavalry charge. He was growing heedless of danger; he was becoming used to war.

He was angry to see that instead of pursuing, the French were really in retreat. But Philip did not call it a retreat; he spoke of it as a "backward movement." He scowled with rage as he railed at the "treacherous Saxons"; and when the crowning disaster came,—the blowing up of the bridge over the Elster, which cut off the French rear-guard, the wagon-train, and the wounded,—Philip echoed the Emperor, and declared that it was disaster and not defeat that took away the glory of the great victory of Leipsic—the "victory" that all the world now knows to have been a most disastrous defeat.

Then came the fight at Hanau, the last gleam of sunshine through the gathering clouds—for Napoleon turned it into a success; and on the first day of November Philip was despatched to Paris as the herald of victory, carrying to the Empress Regent the twenty hostile standards captured at Leipsic and at Hanau.

His coming cheered people greatly, for it showed the Emperor was victorious; and Philip was praised and petted on every hand.

From the palace, as soon as his duties were over, Philip flew to the Street of the Fight, the great hound stalking at his heels.

"Mademoiselle my sister," he said, after the glad greeting was over, "I bring you the first captive of my bow and spear. I lay my trophy at your feet. Down, 'Marshal'! Crouch!" And the big Dane, trained by his captor for this very act of homage, first hung his head as if in acknowledgment of his defeat, and then crouched, a suppliant for mercy at the feet of the delighted girl.

"Oh, Philip!—for me? How lovely! What a beauty! See, Nurse. My new protector!" and she rested her little hand on the great dog's head. "But, Philip, did you really fight with bow and spear? They tell us the Cossacks do."

Philip laughed with the superior air of a veteran. "Well, *we* do not, Mademoiselle," he replied; "but the Tartars and Bashkirs do. Pestiferous little Russian wasps! I caught one of their arrows through my chapeau. See!" and, drawing his hat from beneath his arm, he showed her where a Tartar arrow had torn an ugly hole. "My best one, too," he added, gazing on it ruefully; while Mademoiselle regarded the rent with awe, and then cried: "Oh, but suppose it had not gone so high, my Philip. Oh, dear!" and, with a little shriek, she transferred her caressing hand to her brother's curly head.

Soon his dear friends gathered in welcome and admiration, and the boy's rattling chatter almost dispelled the gloom he noted on all their faces. For despite the brief elation over the pretended victories, Paris was downcast and anxious.

"A fine mess your Corsican is getting us into, young Desnouettes," blurted out Uncle Fauriel. "Why, before we know it, we shall have the Allies storming into Paris itself. And what then?"

"Never!" cried Philip, hotly. "Paris will never be occupied by the foes of France while the Emperor lives. I tell you he is master."

"How can he be, my Philip, with half a million men crowding him against a wall?" Citizen Daunou said sadly. "I acknowledge the Emperor's greatness. I know his mighty will. He will not give up without a blow. The hour for great souls is that when everything is lost. But even his valor cannot withstand a host."



"HE SHOWED HER WHERE A TARTAR ARROW HAD TORN AN UGLY HOLE."

We have no men left to fight for him. Let him make peace, or his empire is doomed."

"I know his valor, too," said Uncle Fauriel. "But your Emperor is no Frenchman. He is a Corsican. And the Corsican, like the cat, persists in squirming and scratching even when one holds him by the nape of the neck. Europe holds your Emperor thus. But let Europe beware. Your Emperor at bay is but a cat in a corner. You shall yet see the claws of the Corsican."

Within a few days after Philip's arrival the Emperor himself returned to Paris. He came unannounced. He came almost in disgrace. Again he had lost an army for France. But pride was in his heart and determination in his eye.

"Peace?" he cried. "Who talks of peace with the enemy at our gates? We must fight once more. We must fight desperately, and when we have conquered, then we will talk of peace. I desire peace, but it must be solid and honorable. France depends upon me. I am a man who may be killed, but never will be insulted. The French will be worthy of themselves and of me."

With that, he set about to raise a new army for the defense of France. "In three months we shall have peace," he said. "The enemy will be driven out, or I shall be dead. My soldiers and I have not forgotten our trade, and those who dared profane our frontier shall soon repent of having set foot on French soil."

Already the "Corsican," as Uncle Fauriel had declared, was sharpening his "claws."

The foot of the foeman was on French soil. The Allies had crossed the Rhine; they had invaded France. The nation, accustomed only to attack, was unprepared to defend. Paris was without fortifications; the fighting material the Emperor demanded was not easy to procure. Twenty years of war had well-nigh drained France of men.

But the Emperor was imperative. "Give me soldiers!" he said. "Men-soldiers! I cannot fight your battles with children. Our boys of the Young Guard fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic; nothing can exceed their courage. But in the struggle before us, if I am to conquer, I must have men, men, men!"

The men came, and the boys as well. Though all France cried for peace; though Paris wailed, "This insatiate one wishes to sacrifice all our children to his wild ambition"; and though this wail was echoed in every town and village of the Empire, still the Senate, accustomed to obey the Emperor, voted both the men and the money he demanded, and in January, 1814, France had collected nearly three hundred thousand men with which to oppose an invading force of nearly a million.

It was a death-grapple, desperate, brilliant, effective. It was a struggle magnificent in its intensity, masterly in its conception, wonderful in its devices. It is too little known in history overshadowed by the glory of Austerlitz, the disaster of Moscow, the carnage of Leipsic, the tragedy of Waterloo. It was the conqueror at bay.

Ten times, in that short campaign, did Napoleon face and overthrow his hunters. All his strategy, all his daring, all his brilliant methods were brought into play; and, each time, the invaders reeled back, defeated, bleeding, and broken. The "claws of the Corsican" struck swiftly and sank deep.

Twice was Philip sent to Paris with flags as trophies and prisoners as signs of triumph. Then, one March afternoon, the Emperor summoned him in haste.

"Lieutenant Desnouettes," he said, "I intrust you with this letter to the Empress. Be wary and be vigilant. Guard it with your life. Deliver it only into the Empress's own hands. It is because I know your courage and your loyalty that I repose this trust in you. Ride, for life or death!"

Philip sprang to his saddle, and galloped toward Paris.

The sun was nearly set as he rode out of the little hamlet of St. Dizier (where Napoleon, next day, was to win his last victory), and headed for Paris. The night favored the rider; for, with the continual changing of positions, one was always in danger, and darkness was a convenient cloak. If he could but escape the enemy's outposts or their foraging parties, his way was clear.

So he rode on with speed. From St. Dizier to Perthes and Villotte and Vitry on the Marne he rode; and, crossing the river, spurred on to Cosle and Connantray and La Fère-Champenoise, where, one to ten, the French had fought the invaders, and Pacthod's guards had proved themselves heroes. Soon he galloped into Sézanne. Thus far all was well. But, as he rode from Sézanne, he hesitated. The road to Coullommiers was the most direct; but he knew the upper road better, where, from Montmirail, the road led westward to Meaux.

He decided for the upper road, and there

was his mistake. For, as he saw the lights of Montmirail shining across the narrow Little Morin, and looked for the white streak that meant the road to Meaux, he saw ahead a moving blur, magnified by the darkness into an uncertain but threatening mass. He tried to force his horse from the road into the bordering fields, although he knew that thus he would miss the bridge across the Little Morin and have to swim for it.

In the gloom of the night his horse, like a sensible beast, refused to leave the road or jump the low wall that flanked the roadway.

The moving mass came on with shout and swing. Philip had been seen. The challenge rang sharply out, but Philip held his peace, refusing a reply. Then bullets whistled by him, and the boy, thinking safety lay only in his own legs, dismounted and let his horse go free.

With the "Hurra!" that he now knew so well as the Cossack war-cry, his foemen swooped upon the riderless horse; but, seeing through the

boy's plan, dashed across the bridge, and stretched themselves in a crescent from wall to wall.

Then Philip sought to climb the wall, and escape across the fields to the bank of the stream. But he was stiff with riding, and, in the darkness, his footing was insecure. He slipped and fell almost beneath the hoofs of an oncoming horse.

Again he heard the guttural call, the terrible Cossack "Hurra!" Then something pounced upon him in the dark, before he could free his pistol-hand or draw his sword. Eager hands felt for and grabbed him. He squirmed and dodged, and wriggled and kicked, but all to no purpose.

The next instant he was lifted to his feet; a light was flashed full upon him; fierce faces encircled him; words he did not understand shot from bearded and savage lips. He could neither defend nor assail. He could not even die, as he had sworn he would if cornered. Philip was a prisoner in the hands of Cossacks.

(To be continued.)



PHILIP TAKEN PRISONER BY THE COSSACKS.



IN THE WOODS: "I 'LL NOT ANSWER, AND THEY 'LL THINK I 'M LOST!"

THE TROUT BROOK.

HALF hidden by tall meadow-grass that sways with every breeze,
And running through deep, silent pools, and under spreading trees;
Now stealing through the quiet ways of solitary wood,
And now beneath a timbered arch where once an old mill stood;
Across the fields and to the brow where valleys fall away,
Then over beds of shelving rock its waters dance and play,
And now and then, as though in joy of such delightful fun,
It springs into a waterfall that glistens in the sun,
And eddies round and round about, in strange fantastic glee,
Then steadies down and flows away sedately to the sea.

Frank H. Sweet.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

IN the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, near the Merrimac River, not far from Salisbury Beach, and in a house built by his great-great-grandfather more than two centuries ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was born on December 17, 1807. For three generations before him, the family had been connected with the Society of Friends; and all his life long Whittier retained the Quaker simplicity of manner and attire. He began early to do the chores of the household and also to aid his father in the work of the farm.

The house was surrounded by woods, and "a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls" by the garden-side, and then wound its way to a larger stream, that, "after doing its duty at two or three saw and grist mills" (the clash of which would be heard in still days across the intervening woodlands), ran into the great river and was borne along to the great sea. Thus, in early boyhood Whittier had a chance to get friendly and familiar with brooks and woods and rocky hills and all the other features of the New England landscape. He helped to care for the oxen and the horses, and he came to know the wilder animals which also lived on the farm.

His chief companion was his younger sister, who devoted herself to him for half a century.

In his boyhood Whittier had scant instruction, for the district school was open only a few weeks in winter. He had but few books; there were scarcely thirty in the house. The one book he read and read again until he had it by heart almost was the Bible; and the Bible was always the book which exerted the strongest literary influence upon him. But when he was fourteen a teacher came who lent him books of travel and opened a new world to him. It was this teacher who brought to the Whittiers one evening a volume of Burns and read aloud

some of the poems, after explaining the Scottish dialect. Whittier begged to borrow the book, which was almost the first poetry he had ever read. It was this volume of Burns which set Whittier to making verses himself, serving both as the inspiration and the model of his earlier poetic efforts. The Scottish poet, with his homely pictures of a life as bare and as hardy as that of New England then, first revealed to the American poet what poetry really was, and how it might be made out of the actual facts of his own life.

That book of Burns's poems had an even stronger influence on Whittier than the odd volume of the *Spectator* which fell into the hands of Franklin had on the American author whose boyhood is most like Whittier's. Franklin also was born in a humble and hard-working family, doing early his share of the labor, and having but a meager education, although always longing for learning. It is true that Irving and Cooper and Bryant did not graduate from college, but they could have done so, had they persevered; and Emerson and Longfellow and Hawthorne did get as much of the higher education as was then possible in America. But neither Franklin nor Whittier ever had the chance; it was as much as they could do to pick up the merest elements of an education.

After he had made the acquaintance of Burns's poems, Whittier began to scribble rhymes of his own on his slate at school, and in the evening about the family hearth. One of his boyish stanzas lingered in the memory of an elder sister:

And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking-pail?
I wish to go away to school;
I do not wish to be a fool.

With practice he began to be bolder, and he wrote copies of verses on every-day events,

and also little ballads. One of these, written when he was seventeen, his eldest sister liked so well that she sent it to the weekly paper of Newburyport, the *Free Press*, then recently started by William Lloyd Garrison. She did this without telling her brother, and no one was more surprised than he when he opened the paper and found his own verses in "The Poet's Corner." He was aiding his father to mend a stone wall by the roadside as the postman passed on horseback and tossed the paper to the young man. "His heart stood still a moment when he saw his own verses," says a biographer. "Such delight as his comes only once in the lifetime of any aspirant to literary fame. His father at last called to him to put up the paper and keep at work."

The editor of the *Free Press* was only three years older than the poet, although far more mature. He did more for the young man than merely print these boyish verses, for he went to Whittier's father and urged the need of giving the youth a little better education. To do this was not possible then; but two years later, when Whittier was nineteen, an academy was started at Haverhill, and here he attended, even writing a few stanzas to be sung at the opening exercises. He studied at Haverhill for two terms, and by making slippers, by keeping books, and by teaching school, he earned the little money needed to pay his way. At Haverhill he was able to read the works of many authors hitherto unknown to him, and he also wrote for the local papers much prose and verse.

By the time he was twenty-one he had fitted himself to earn his living by his pen. He went to Boston in 1829 to edit a paper there; and he returned to Haverhill the next year to take charge of the local journal. Then he was at the head of an important weekly in Hartford. In these various positions he acquitted himself well, mastering the questions of the day carefully, and expressing his opinions forcibly and courteously. But his health failed, owing partly perhaps to the exposure and toil of his boyhood on the farm; and in 1832 he gave up journalism for a while and went back to his father's house. He had never been robust; and all his life long he was forced to take care of himself and to husband his strength.

But if the body was weak, the spirit was strong; Whittier had the stout heart which leads a forlorn hope unhesitatingly. Before he was thirty he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes who were held in bondage in the South. In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery, and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later he became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*; and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing-office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterward for the same cause, Whittier was in danger for his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting in his lot with the little band of abolitionists. Up to this time he had looked forward to holding public office, as well he might, when many another journalist was stepping from the newspaper desk into public life. When he became one of the small band who denounced slavery, he gave up all chance of office. He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave-owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated, and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the anti-slavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly, and he never regretted it. Indeed, in later life he said to a boy of fifteen to whom he was giving counsel, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

By constant practice he had acquired ease in composition; but as his writing gained in strength his taste also improved. A miscellany of prose and verse called "Legends of New England," published in 1831, was his first book. It contained a selection of the best of the poems and the essays he had printed here and there in periodicals. In later life he thought so little

of this volume that none of the essays, and only two of the poems, were republished in the revised edition of his works. Imperfect as was this youthful verse, scarcely any American had then written better. Bryant's first volume, and Poe's, had been published several years before; while Longfellow's earliest book of poems, "Voices of the Night," did not appear until 1839, to be followed in 1847 by the first collection of Emerson's poems.

of Freedom," appeared in 1849. When we compare either of these volumes with Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery" (printed in 1842, midway between them), we see how much sturdier Whittier's stanzas are, and how much more his heart is in the cause than Longfellow's. It is Longfellow who writes with Quaker-like gentleness; it is Whittier who fiercely rouses to the fight.

In other ways also is the contrast of Longfellow with Whittier interesting and instructive.



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR HAVERHILL, MASS.

Other poems, which Whittier discarded in later life, were published in the next few years. The most vigorous of the verses he wrote at this time were inspired by his hatred of slavery. From the day he threw himself into the abolition movement, his verse has a loftier note and a more ringing tone. With him poetry was then no longer a mere amusement or accomplishment; it had become a weapon for use in the good fight. In these anti-slavery poems there is a noble passion and a righteous anger. They were calls to a battle with evil; and the best of them rang out like blasts of a bugle. One collection of these anti-slavery verses was published in 1837, and a second, called "Voices

Both were New Englanders, and both hated slavery. Longfellow was the most literary of all our poets, while Whittier was perhaps the least so. Longfellow's chief service to our literature was in showing how it was possible to get the best that Europe and the storied past could give, and yet to remain an American of the present. Whittier dealt almost wholly with the facts of American life, with the legends and the thoughts, with the landscape and the people, of New England; indeed, he came at last to have a popularity second only to Longfellow's, and due largely to the fact that he, more than any other, was the representative poet of New England.

Whittier was the only one of the leading American authors who never crossed the Atlantic. Not only did he never go to Europe, he never went south of the Potomac or west of the Alleghanies. When the farm at Haverhill was sold in 1836, part of the price was used to buy a small place at Amesbury; and that house was Whittier's home for more than half a century. After his return from Philadelphia, in 1839, he was rarely absent from Amesbury for more than a month or two at a time, although he did once reside the better part of a year in Lowell. He made visits to Boston often, and sometimes even to New York; and frequently he spent his summers elsewhere; but until his death his home was the little house at Amesbury.

With the publication in 1843 of the book called "*Lays of My Home*," Whittier made sure his place among American poets. In this volume are some of the best of his ballads,—"*Cassandra Southwick*," for one,—and as a writer of ballads only Longfellow, among all the American poets, was Whittier's superior. He had the gift of story-telling in verse. He did not strain his invention to devise a strange plot; he took an old legend or a tale of real life, and he set it forth in rhyme simply and easily. He had the touch of genius which transfigures common things. He sang of what he knew—the fields where he played as a boy, the river and the hills he had gazed on in childhood, the men and women who had grown up about him, the thoughts and the sentiments he and they had inherited together. Even the unpromising proper names of New England become melodious in his hands.

As the years passed, Whittier's powers ripened, and the level of his work is better sustained; but the quality of the poems included in "*Songs of Labor*," published in 1850, and in "*Home Ballads*," published in 1860, is the quality of the collection published in 1843. Among the verse written during these seventeen years are the "*Angels of Buena Vista*," "*Maud Muller*" (perhaps the most popular of all his briefer poems), "*Ichabod*" (perhaps the loftiest of all laments over fallen greatness), the "*Barefoot Boy*," "*Skipper Ireson's Ride*" (one of his most characteristic New England ballads), and

the tribute to Robert Burns. The poet of New England was always swift to declare his indebtedness to the poet of Scotland, and to proclaim his abiding regard for the poems which had first shown him what poetry was.

During these years of the anti-slavery struggle not only was Whittier's reputation as a poet growing steadily, but the people of the North and of the West were as steadily coming over to his side. Of course we cannot exactly measure the influence of a poem or song, but it may be almost irresistible. He was a wise man who was willing to let others make the laws of a people if only he could write their songs. Law is but the expression of public opinion; and when the ringing stanzas of the anti-slavery bards and the stirring speeches of the anti-slavery orators had awakened the conscience of the free States, the end of the evil was nigh. Slavery made a hard fight for its life; but it was slavery that Whittier hated, and not the Southern slave-owners; and there is no bitterness or rancor in the poems published in 1863 and called "*In War Time*." And of these ballads of the battle years the best and the best beloved is "*Barbara Frietchie*," which was rather a tribute to the old flag than an attack upon those who were then in arms against it.

After the final triumph of the cause for which he had battled long and bravely, Whittier turned again to peaceful themes. With the spread of his opinions among the people, his poetry also had become more popular; but no single book of his ever had a wide-spread and immediate success until "*Snow-Bound*" appeared in 1866. This poem of New England was received by the reading public as no other poem had been received since Longfellow's "*Evangeline*" and "*Hiawatha*." It was so profitable that for the first time in his life—and he was then nearly sixty—Whittier was placed above want.

Only less successful was "*The Tent on the Beach*," printed the next year, and followed in twelve months by "*Among the Hills*." Thereafter his position was secure. He had taken his place as one of the poets of America, beside Emerson and Longfellow, beside Lowell and Holmes; and perhaps he was nearer than any of the others to the hearts of the New Eng-

landers, and of the Westerners whose fathers had gone out from New England. He has been called a Quaker Burns; he might better be called the Burns of New England; and as Burns wrote for Scotland rather than for the whole of Great Britain, so Whittier wrote for New England rather than for the whole of the

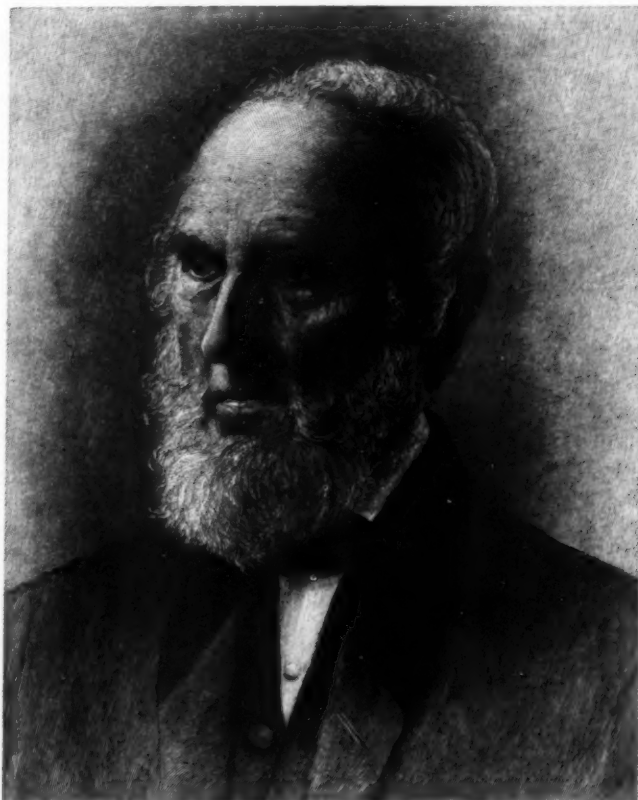
ample, in 1870; "Mabel Martin," in 1874; "The King's Missive," in 1881. They all served to strengthen his hold on the hearts of the people. No doubt his old age was made happier by the honor in which he was held. He outlived most of his fellow-poets of New England. He saw Longfellow go first, and then

Emerson, and finally Lowell, his comrade in the anti-slavery struggle. Long past the allotted three-score years and ten he printed a final volume of his poems, in 1890, under the title, "At Sundown." At last, early in the fall of 1892, he had a slight paralytic shock, and he died at dawn on September 7, being then in his eighty-fifth year.

It is as a poet that Whittier is held most in honor, but he was also a writer of prose; and in the final collected edition of his works published four years before his death his prose writings fill three of the seven volumes.

Unlike as Whittier and Franklin were in many respects, they were alike in others. Both had the sympathy with the lowly which comes of early similar experience. Both learned a handicraft, for Franklin set type and worked a printing-press,

and Whittier made slippers. To both of them literature was a means, rather than an end in itself. Verse to Whittier, and prose to Franklin, was a weapon to be used in the good fight. In Whittier's verse, as in Franklin's prose, there was the same pithy directness which made their words go home to the hearts of the plain people whom they both understood and represented. To Franklin was given the larger life and the greater range of usefulness; but Whittier always did with



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAMSON, PORTLAND, MAINE.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

United States. It was the scenery of New England he best loved to paint in his ballads; it was the sentiment of New England he voiced in his lyrics; it was the steadfast faith in New England that gave strength to all he wrote.

During the later years of his life Whittier wrote as the mood came, and he gathered his scattered verses into volumes from time to time,—“Ballads of New England,” for ex-

all his might the duty that lay before him. While Franklin gained polish by travel and by association with citizens of the world, Whittier was the only one of the greater American authors who never went to Europe, and he kept to the end not a little of his rustic simplicity.

While Whittier was practical, as becomes a New Englander, he had not the excessive common sense which characterizes Franklin, and he lacked also Franklin's abundant humor. But the poet was not content, as Franklin was, with showing that honesty is the best policy, and that in the long run vice leads to ruin; he scourged evil with the wrath of a Hebrew prophet. Except one or another of his ballads, none of his poems was written for its own sake; they were nearly all intended to further a cause he held dear, or to teach a lesson he thought needful.

Whittier was a born poet. He was not an artist in verse as Longfellow was; and he was often as careless in rhyme and as rugged in rhythm as was Emerson. Yet to some of his stanzas there is a lyric lilt that sings itself into the memory; and the best of his ballads have an easy grace of movement. He knew his

own shortcomings and lack of training, and he was quick to take advice from those whom he thought better equipped. In this as in all things else he was modest. How modest he really was is perhaps best shown in certain verses of the poem he called "My Triumph":

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

THE HILLS OF ROSS.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

THE bold old sandstone hills of Ross
Swing up and down the land
Like burly giants roystering
Together, hand-in-hand;
And over hill and over dale
The clouds go rolling free
Like great gold-laden galleons
Across a summer sea;
And high along the windy sky
The sea-gulls wheel and wing;
About, about, now in, now out,
They reel and sweep and swing,
Until one's head goes round and round
With every dizzy ring.

Across the knurly hills of Ross
Bold Summer blew his horn;
It stirred a thousand dreaming dales
And waked the sleeping corn;
So high, so far, so clear it rang
Through all the drowsy world,
The wild-flower host wide open sprang,
The blind brown ferns uncurled.
It roused a myriad untaught notes
In hedge and bush and tree;
It set the wild-wood echoing
With bubble-throated glee,
And sent a sudden laughing thrill
All through the heart of me.

Along the brawny hills of Ross
The west wind whirls the rain,
Across the murky chimney-pots,
Adown the dusty pane ;
And, oh, that wind is calling me
From out the dusty town,
Out to the misty meadow-land,

Out to the dewy down,
Out to the wind-blown hills of Ross,
Into the summer shower,
To be a fellow to the field,
A brother to the flower,
And part of the midsummer day
If only for an hour.



TOMMY'S CONFESSION.

BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.



I 'M fond of nice stories of giants and witches I love tales of wizards with stern, bearded faces,
Who live all alone by themselves; And wands, and long robes of deep red;
Of gnomes, underground, who are guarding But—I wish there were not quite so many
their riches; dark places
And dragons, and goblins, and elves. To be passed when I 'm going to bed!



RUNNING: FOR BOYS.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JR.

EVERY American boy should learn to run. In Greece, in the days when men and women took better care of their bodies than they ever have since, every boy, and girl too, was taught to run, just as the American child is taught to read. And as far as we can judge by the statues they have left behind them, there were very few hollow-chested, spindle-legged boys among the Greeks. The Persian boy was taught to speak the truth, run, ride, and shoot the bow. The English boy is encouraged to run. In fact, at some of the great English public schools, boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age, like Tom Brown and East at Rugby, can cover six and eight miles cross-country in the great hare-and-hound runs. Every boy is turned out twice a week, out of doors, and made to run, and fill himself full of pure fresh air and sunshine, and gain more strength and life than any amount of weight-pulling or dumb-bell work in stuffy gymnasiums would give him. See the result—the English boys, as a whole, are a stronger set than we American boys. *Every* English school-boy is to some extent an athlete. And that is what American boys should be. Not because foot-ball, base-ball, and tennis are valuable in themselves, but for the good they do in strengthening boys' bodies. By playing ball every day for hours in the open air; by exercising his arms, back, and leg muscles in throwing, batting, running, and sliding; by going to bed early and giving up all bad habits in preparation for the games, a boy stores up strength, which he can draw on all his life long—that is why every boy should be an athlete. But not every boy can play foot-ball or base-ball. He may not be heavy or strong enough; he may never be able to acquire the knack of catching or batting the ball. *Every* boy can become a runner.

As one of the best trainers in the world once said to me, "Any fellow who is willing to work

can make a runner out of himself." If you can't get on the eleven or the nine, don't give up athletics in despair, as so many boys do. Try for a place on the athletic team. If there is no athletic team in the school, make one. Talk it over with the boys and teachers, and get up a spring or fall meeting, and have it include most of the track and field events. Take up a subscription for first, second, and third prizes; they need not be expensive; the cheapest medal, when won fairly, becomes valuable.

There is another boys' school somewhere near you. Get the boys interested, challenge them to dual games, on the plan of the Yale-Harvard games, with a challenge cup or a banner that goes to the school winning the greatest number of points; and see that every boy who is not playing base-ball or foot-ball is trying for a place on that team. There is room for all. In the schedule of the Yale-Harvard games there are fourteen events, and as first, second, and third places all count in the point-scoring, there is an opportunity for forty-two men to win a point for their college. Nor does a boy need to feel afraid to try because he has never done any running. Some of the best track athletes in the great colleges never saw a running-shoe until they came to college, and, beginning as perfectly untrained men, became champions.

Running is one of the best of exercises for the whole body. It rounds out a hollow chest, drives the oxygen into the farthest air-cells of the lungs, wonderfully increases their capacity, and develops the leg, thigh, stomach, and waist muscles. But it must be learned just as skating, swimming, and bicycling have to be learned, and there are two things that must be kept in mind by the learner. The first is—whether in sprinting, distance, or cross-country running—to run entirely on the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the track, "Get up on your toes!" By

striking on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of natural spring-board, the runner takes a longer stride, and the spring that he gets enables him to lift his foot more rapidly and repeat the stride more quickly than the runner who goes flat-footed. As length and rapidity of stride are what give speed in running, it follows that a flat-footed runner can never be a fast one. Another reason against pounding away flat-footed is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle, knee, and hip is jarred and may in time be injured.



A CLOSE FINISH ON THE TRACK.

The second point for a runner to observe is his method of breathing. Breathe through both the nose and mouth. Nearly every boy when he first begins to run has the insane idea

that all the breathing must be done through the nose. There was never a greater mistake. When a boy runs his heart beats much faster than it does ordinarily, and pumps out just so much more blood. All this must be aerated or purified by air from the lungs. The oppression that one feels when beginning to run is due to the lungs demanding more air for the extra quantity of blood which the heart is sending out. Nature has looked out for this and provided a way by which air can be furnished to the lungs very rapidly. It is a very simple

way, and consists of merely opening the mouth. Breathe, then, through the nose in ordinary life as much as possible, but when you are running or exercising violently open the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid breaths, not gulping it in through the mouth alone, but letting the mouth and nose have each their share.

Take as long a stride as possible, but without overbalancing the body. Bend the body slightly from the hips; for if it be held too erect the stride will be shortened. Let the bent arms swing easily and naturally a little above the level of the hips, swinging out and back with every stride. This keeps the muscles loose, prevents them from becoming tired so easily as they would if held rigid, and balances the body better.

Take especial pains to keep the body from being stiff; let it swing as easily and lithely as possible. In sprinting the stride is shorter and more rapid than in long-distance running, and

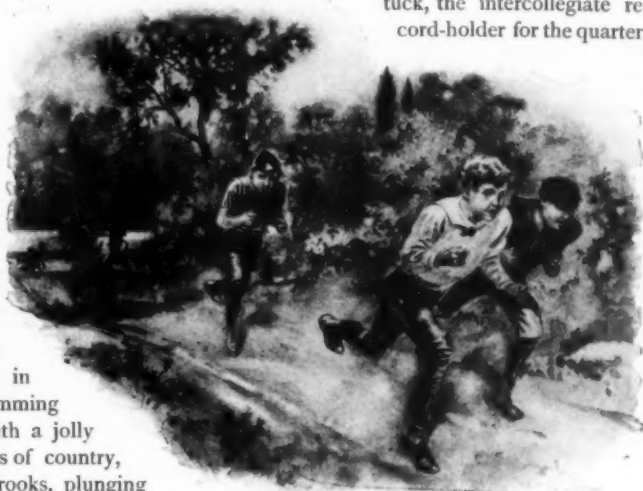
a sprinter usually runs with body thrown farther back, in quite different form from the long, easy lope of the distance runner.

There are four different kinds of running. Sprinting, which includes all distances up to the quarter mile; middle-distance running—from the quarter to the mile; and long-distance running, which includes the mile and all distances beyond. Besides these there is cross-country running. This last is the best of all for growing boys. The first three are track races, and it is monotonous work trotting round and round a cinder path. But, starting off on some brisk autumn day when there is just enough tingle in the air to send the blood humming through the veins, cover, with a jolly crowd, some five or ten miles of country, climbing fences, jumping brooks, plunging through thickets, while here and there some unlucky fellow goes up to his knees in a swamp or jumps too short over the brook and lands with a splash—all part of the fun. Then, as the sun is going down, reach home, and see how refreshing the cold splash and the rub-down are, what an appetite one has for supper and what a feeling of life and strength. Try it, boys. Start out in the fall with all the boys who are not playing foot-ball, and take a five-mile run twice a week right across the country, avoiding the roads as much as possible. Don't make a race of it. Let it be understood that there will be a run-home on the last half mile. This will be enough for all those who are bound to race.

Then occasionally have a paper-chase or a hare-and-hound run. The best costume for this kind of running is a sweater, jersey, knickerbockers, long stockings, and high tennis-shoes, or low ones, if the others are not handy. Always take some kind of a bath (a cool, not cold, shower is the best), and a rub-down with a coarse towel after the run; and always run bare-headed. If a boy intends to do track

running he can have no better preparation than a year or so of cross-country work.

Conneff, the holder of the world's amateur record for the mile, started as a cross-country runner. Jarvis, who holds the intercollegiate record for the mile, and Shattuck, the intercollegiate record-holder for the quarter,



OUT FOR AN EARLY SPIN.

also began their careers by doing cross-country work.

In an article of this length I can give but the most general directions.

Any trainer or runner will give suggestions in the details.

First, a word about the track itself. Many schools are not large enough to have a regular clay or cinder path, which is a rather expensive affair. In that case select some field with good, springy turf, and stake off a quarter-mile track, measuring the distance, of course, on the inside.

Or, if there is not space enough for that, make it an eighth of a mile (220 yards) track. I have seen many a good runner who never set foot on a cinder-path except in a race.

In sprinting, a great deal depends on the start. A sprinter should practise five or six starts daily, and do two or three short sprints, such as thirty and fifty yard dashes. Every other day try the whole distance at not quite full speed, and never do trials more than once a week. The day before a race no work at all

should be done. The illustration shows most of the different styles of starting. The race was a three-hundred-yard dash, and was won by Allen, who is at the right in the picture, the American champion for the quarter-mile in 1893. Allen's start is the one most easily learned. Crouch with both hands and the left foot on the starting-line. After "getting set," gradually swing the body out over the line, the left foot sustaining most of the weight, and as the pistol goes off spring from both feet, pushing hard with the rear foot, dive forward in a crouching

ner should twice a week run six hundred yards fast, or jog a half, and spend the rest of his time in sprinting two hundred and twenty or three hundred yards. More attention should be paid in training for the quarter to the development of speed. In the half the case is reversed. The runner should run fast quarters or a three-eighths (660 yards) only twice a week, and spend the rest of his time in distance work, running three quarters or jogging a mile. In any kind of running never run a trial oftener than once a week, and never within five days of the race.



THE DIFFERENT "SETS," OR POSITIONS FOR STARTING.

position, and do not try to rise and run erect until after the first three or four strides.

A boy training for the long distance runs must make up his mind to work. The interscholastic and intercollegiate schedules contain no distance over the mile. A miler should train over his distance.

Work out a mile and a quarter, or a mile and a half every day at a good steady clip, and once a week take a two-mile jog. Vary this with a little faster work occasionally, such as a fast half or three quarters.

The middle distances, the half and quarter, are the hardest of all to train correctly for. A runner, to succeed in these, must possess a sprinter's speed and the staying power of the distance runner. And the difficulty in training is to develop both. A quarter-mile run-

ner should twice a week run six hundred yards fast, or jog a half, and spend the rest of his time in sprinting two hundred and twenty or three hundred yards. More attention should be paid in training for the quarter to the development of speed. In the half the case is reversed. The runner should run fast quarters or a three-eighths (660 yards) only twice a week, and spend the rest of his time in distance work, running three quarters or jogging a mile. In any kind of running never run a trial oftener than once a week, and never within five days of the race.

WORLD RECORDS.

Distance.	Time.	Holder.	Nationality.
100 yds.	9½ sec.	Owen	American
220 yds.	21½ sec.	Jewett	American
440 yds. (on circular track) ..	48½ sec.	Tindall	English
440 yds. (straight away) ..	47½ sec.	Baker	American
880 yds. (straight away) ..	1m. 53½ sec.	Hewitt	Australian
880 yds. (on circular track) 1m.	54½ sec.	Cross	English
1 mile	4m. 12½ sec.	George	English

NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC RECORDS.

Distance.	Time.	Holder.	School.
100 yds.	10½ sec.	Bigelow	Worcester High
220 yds.	22½ sec.	Bigelow	Worcester High
440 yds.	50½ sec.	Burke	Boston English High
880 yds.	2m. 07½ sec.	Batchelder	Roxbury Latin
1 mile	4m. 34½ sec.	Laing	Philips, Andover



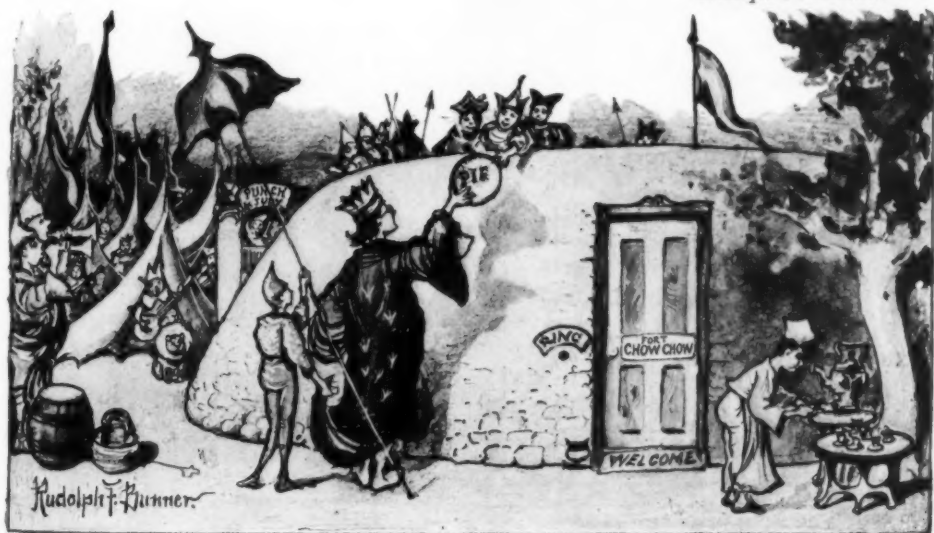
WHEN King Kijolly goes to war
 He finds the fighting quite a bore,
 But he makes the enemy fly before
 Till they hide away from the battle's roar
 In a little round fort with one front door.

And when that shelter they have sought
 Where cake and candy can't be bought
 They find that in a trap they 're caught.

But when above the fortress' brim
 Kijolly sees their faces grim—

How hungry and how tired they look—
 He gives to each a story-book,
 And sugar-cakes, and pumpkin-pie,
 He reaches up to them on high;
 And Punch and Judy shows he gets;
 And if they should look pale he frets—
 In his own carriage takes them out,
 To get the air and drive about.
 At last he gives a farewell tea
 Beneath a merry cherry-tree,
 And bidding them go run and play,
 Good King Kijolly rides away.

Rudolph F. Bunner.



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

BY GARRETT NEWKIRK.



This State was settled by the French,
And for King Louis named:
But fifteen million dollars bought
For us the land they claimed.

She has a warm and sunny clime,
Unvexed by frosts or snows,
And through a delta, like the Nile,
The Mississippi flows.

On this our greatest, central stream,
And very near its mouth,
The famous "Crescent City" stands,
Queen city of the South.

The greatest sugar-making State!—
New Orleans is its port;
And here, behind his cotton-bales,
"Old Hickory" held the fort!



Louis XIV

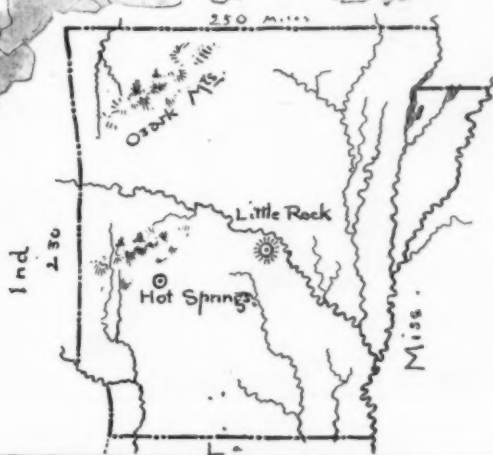


This State's legislature
Has made it a law
That, in speaking her name,
We must say "Ar-kan-saw."

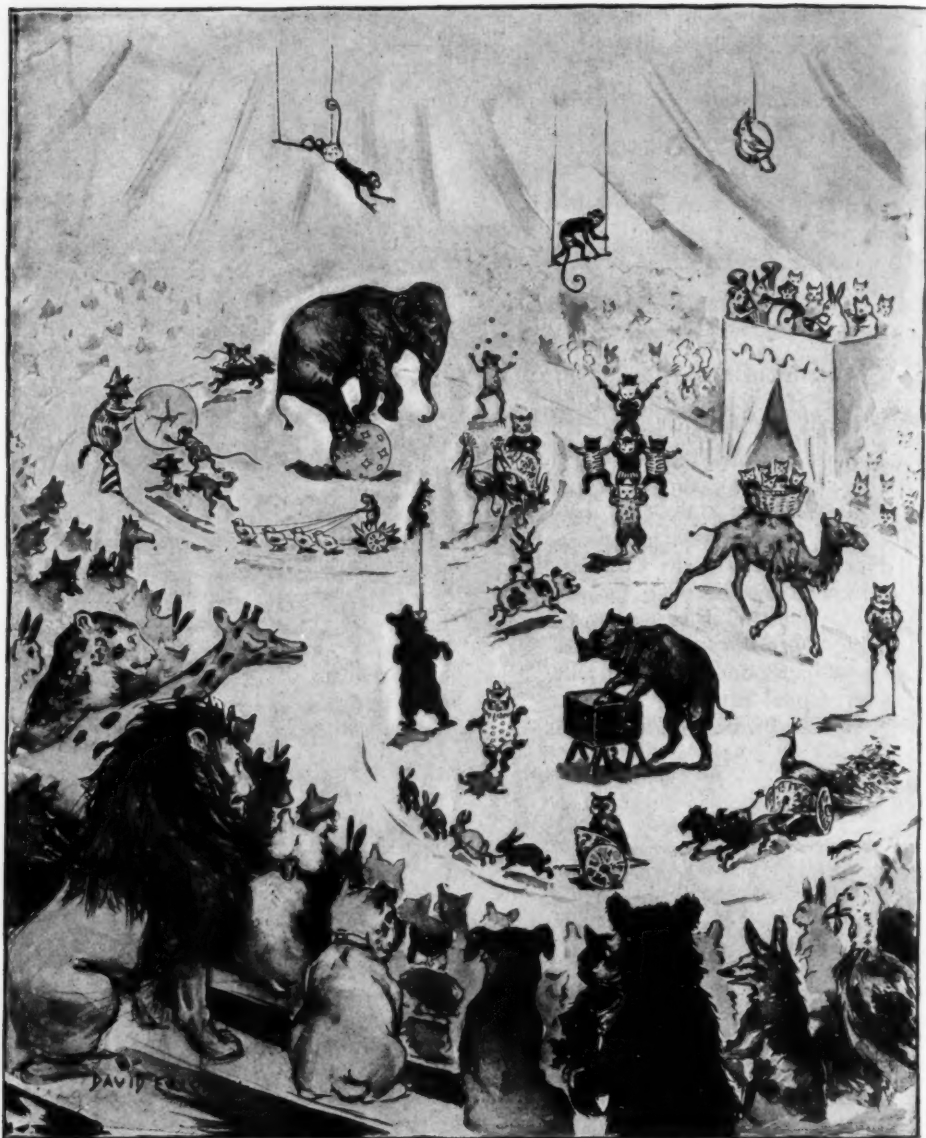
Not far from the center
The Hot Springs are found,
Where scalding hot water
Boils up from the ground.

Her rivers are many,
Her forests spread wide,
Her mountains—the Ozarks,
Are Arkansas' pride.

The State sells much timber,
And ore, and live stock;
Her capital city
Is called Little Rock.



AT THE CIRCUS.



"HE SAT RIGHT NEXT TO THE LION (WHO HAD TO HAVE TWO SEATS),
AND SAW THE CLEVER ANIMALS PERFORM THEIR WONDERFUL FEATS."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

WHAT THE PET PUG SAW AT THE CIRCUS.

A Rhyme for Very Little Folks.

FOR a whole long week the little pet Pug was as good as he could be,
He did n't growl at the baby, nor spill his milk at tea;
And so, when the Circus came to town, they gave him a silver dime,
They put on his Sunday collar, and hoped he'd have a good time.
He sat right next to the Lion (who had to have two seats),
And saw the clever animals perform their wonderful feats:
Two Poodles drew a Peacock in an elegant golden car,
While the Owl drove four sleek Rabbits—a livelier team by far;
Bruin balanced Reynard on a pole placed on his snout;
And the Hare danced a sailor's-hornpipe on a Pig that ran about;
Five Kittens rode in a basket on the back of a Dromedary;
While a Cat who walked on stilts was as graceful as a fairy;
A Rhinoceros played the organ—the tune was "Upidee."
But some of the jokes the Cat-clown made the pet Pug could n't see!

All this was in the nearest ring,—the other was lively, too:
To watch them both at once was all the little Pug could do,
While six performing Pussy cats were making a curious group,
At the very same time two Monkeys went diving through a hoop.
Two foreign birds were driven in harness by a Cat,
But a tiny Frog with a team of Chicks was a queerer sight than that!
Another Frog was a juggler and kept five balls in air,
Yet the Elephant balancing on a ball was the funniest creature there.
Above, near the top of the Circus tent, the Jocko Brothers bold
With their daring leaps from the high trapeze made the little Pug's blood
run cold!
Near them hung a Cockatoo, who swung in a lofty ring,
And who did n't have a thing to do, but laugh at everything.
At last the band played "Home, Sweet Home," the animals all filed out,
And the little Pug went trotting away with plenty to talk about.

MORAL.

So, Pugs, don't growl at the baby, though the baby should pull your ears,
And maybe *you* 'll go to the Circus when it comes to your town, my
dears!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HURRAH for July, my hearers, and for the one dear noisy day that it always brings to young and old of this great republic! Don't you feel sorry for those poor countries that never had any revolution to speak of, and so have no honored old oppressors to forgive, and no rattlety-bang way of expressing themselves on a national holiday?

But there were events, I am told, long before there was any Fourth of July, as we know it,—and events with youngsters and gunpowder in them. Did you ever hear of the narrow escape of the good ship “Mayflower”—the same that brought your Pilgrim forefathers over from England?

Well, in this explosion-loving part of the year it may interest all good little boys to know that even in the very first ship's company that ever landed in New England there was a youngster who *would* fool with gun and powder, and who actually came near blowing up the Mayflower!

My learned correspondent, Mr. Thomas L. Rogers, sends you this stirring and pious account of the boy's dangerous performance. It is copied from the chronicles of Governor Bradford himself.

Dec. 5, 1620.

Through God's mercy we escaped a great danger by the foolishness of a boy who had got gunpowder and made squibs; and there being a fowling-piece in his father's cabin, charged, he shot her off in the cabin; there being a little barrel of gunpowder half full: [and some] scattered in and about the cabin: the fire being within four foot of the bed between the decks, and many flints and iron things about the cabin, and many people about the fire: and yet, by God's mercy, no harm done.

And now for your edification Mr. Rogers has put this incident into clever verse, which he calls

A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE PILGRIM.

JOHN BILLINGTON, one of the Pilgrim boys,
Was as full of mischief as an egg is of meat;
For causing of trouble, for making a noise,

And for scaring good people, he could n't be beat.
He was bad,
And very sad
Is the story told of this Pilgrim lad.

At anchor the staunch old Mayflower lay;
The men, led by Standish, were exploring the shore.
But John was exploring the vessel that day,
And finding of powder a generous store,
Just for fun,
This worthy son
In one of the cabins fired off a gun.

Of perils by land and dangers by sea
The Pilgrims had plenty,—that 's simply the truth,—
But foolish King James, who compelled them to flee,
Never shocked their poor nerves like this mischievous youth,
Who for fun
Made them all run
To put out the fire from his terrible gun.

A FINE SEA-BEACH FOR DOLLS.

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: When I was a little girl I made for my dolls a sea-beach out of an old mirror. Over the worst part of the glass I pasted brown paper, and upon this I glued a lot of sand to form the beach. The part of looking-glass that was left bare represented the water. I formed the beach's edge into several little coves, in which I tied toy boats. Then I sprinkled a layer of loose sand over the beach, also many tiny shells, pebbles, and bits of sea moss. I placed my smallest dolls here and there on the beach, and I really think they enjoyed their summer by the sea. Some of them even had tiny pails and shovels for playing in the sand, and they looked very pretty as they sat there bending over their little heaps of sand. I hope some of your little folks will make their dolls happy in this way.

Yours truly, ALICE MAY DOUGLASS.

NATURAL FIREWORKS.

YES, natural fireworks; and you may be sure they really occurred, for the fact was related by the great Mr. Charles Darwin, an observer who never saw stars that were not there. In his famous book “The Voyage of the ‘Beagle’” the dear Little Schoolma'am has found this passage:

As soon as we entered the estuary of the Plata [the Rio de la Plata] the weather was very unsettled. One dark night we were surrounded by numerous seals and penguins, which made such strange noises that the officer on watch reported he could hear the cattle bellowing on shore. On a second night we witnessed a splendid display of natural fireworks: the mast-head and yard-arm-ends shone with St. Elmo's light; and the form of the vane could almost be traced, as if it had been rubbed with phosphorus. The sea was so highly luminous that the tracks of the penguins were marked by fiery wakes, and the darkness of the sky was momentarily illuminated by the most vivid lightning.

And the Deacon kindly adds: “Every boy knows what St. Elmo's light is; and if he does n't, he can find out by inquiring of the nearest dictionary.”



THE LEAD REGIMENT.

It was a valiant regiment, and numbered forty-four;
 It marched upon the table and it marched upon the floor;
 And every soldier's rank and name the gallant colonel knew
 (Each soldier was an inch in height, the colonel three feet two).
 First came a pink-faced officer who rode upon a horse,
 And then the sturdy rank and file (at "shoulder arms," of course).
 "They follow me where'er I lead," the gallant colonel said;
 And any one at once perceived they one and all were lead!
 In many a deadly ambush the regiment was caught,
 And many a bloody battle with the Indians they fought;
 But it could not help but make your pulses give a sudden thrill
 To see the reckless charges that they made while standing still;
 And when the colonel tired, which I must confess was soon,
 He left them on the table the entire afternoon.
 But they never winked an eyelid for anything I know,
 For he found them just at bedtime standing stiffly in a row;
 And it seemed too bad to move them, they were such a stirring sight,
 So the colonel left them standing the remainder of the night.
 O gallant leaden regiment, such faithful watch to keep,
 Never moving, never speaking, while your colonel was asleep!
 And the feeling never entered in a single loyal head,
 That life 's not worth the living to a soldier made of lead!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MR. J. EDMUND V. COOKE, known to ST. NICHOLAS readers by his contributions in verse, has published a number of his poems in book form under the title "A Patch of Pansies." We take pleasure in calling the attention of our older readers to this attractive volume.

A REMARKABLE LATIN SENTENCE.

LONDON, ONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While at a friend's house, I happened to take up a paper, and in it I found this sentence in Latin: *Salor arepo tenet opera volas.*

It is not certain how it should be translated, and very likely the words do not make good sense. But if it is senseless, it has these peculiarities: 1, it spells backward and forward the same; 2, the first letter of each word spells the first word; the second letter the second word, and so on with the third and fourth; 3, the last letters, reading backward, spell the first word; and the next to the last in each word spells the second word, and so on throughout; 4, there are as many letters in each word as there are words.

I am glad school is nearly over, for I am tired of study, study, study, and nothing else. While the holidays are lasting I mean to enjoy myself as much as I can, and I am not going to open a single school-book all through the holidays.

One day a girl in another class brought a horned toad to school, and I had the pleasure of seeing it. She brought it because it was wanted for the zoölogy class.

Wishing you the best of success, I remain one of your readers,
LUCY M—.

VERNON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Western boy. I live in the Texas Panhandle, just at the foot of the Staked Plains. I liked the story in the November number, called "Lococo," very much. I visited my uncle at Cañon City, twenty miles from Amarilla. We went down into the cañon; we saw a large black bear. One day some hunters found in the cañon the bones of a man who had lain there a long time. His gun was on the ground near by, and on the gunstock was carved in rough letters, with a knife, the name John Nixon. My uncle gave the gun to me. On our way home we stopped two days in Amarilla.

Your little reader,
GILBERT T—.

CHESTNUT HILL, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a long time and we are very glad each month when you come. We want to tell you something we think very funny. One day our little brother was being punished. He asked mother what she looked so solemn for, and she said that she was thinking of the times he was naughty; and he said, "Why don't you think of the times I am good?"

Your readers, KATHARINE and NATHALIE M—.

BOSTON, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken your delightful magazine for ten years, and we all think it is the

best magazine for children that ever was. We are proud of the bound volumes which ornament our book-shelves. When we were in Switzerland last summer we spent one night at a little lonely inn, and almost the first thing we saw, when we entered the living-room, was a copy of the July number of the ST. NICHOLAS lying on the table; so the sight of it made us feel quite at home.

We have lived very little in America, as mama is obliged to travel for her health.

We are very fond of pets and we have a great many canary birds, but the nicest one of them all died last week. We were very "triste" to find he was dead, as we were so fond of our dear little "Croquette."

My sister and I lived for three years at a convent in Paris; while we were there we learned to play on the piano and organ. My sister has a lovely voice, and I am taking lessons on the mandolin, so I can accompany her when she sings. I find it very hard to make rapid progress, as it is such a difficult instrument to play on well.

Truly yours,

SUSSETTE and AGGIE.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that some of your readers might like to hear about a little Italian news-boy, who seems to have adopted my father. Every night, about five o'clock, he goes into papa's office, and after selling him a paper amuses himself until it is time for papa to start home. Sometimes he plays marbles, and sometimes he spins a top; but when papa starts, no matter what he is doing, he gathers up his things and goes with him without a word. He always walks two or three blocks and then says good-by. I think this is such a funny thing for him to do, and I hope it will amuse some of your readers when it is printed in the Letter-box.

Your loving reader,

M. K—.

COLDWATER, O. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you a letter from the Cherokee Strip. We live in Garfield County, twenty miles from Enid, on a nice creek. Our place is about one third bottom-land and the rest is rough. The country around is mostly high hills cut up with deep cañons. In one cañon is a big cottonwood tree sixty feet high and four feet and a half in diameter. When the strip was opened the cañons were most of them full of trees, but they are nearly all gone now. We moved to our place last April. I was down soon after the race and stayed three weeks, and camped out all the time. I am thirteen years old and have been through the Practical Arithmetic, but did not go to school last winter. I have a nice horse named Kate. She is very intelligent, and when I plow she crowds the other horses, so she makes the plow run lighter. Papa is a country doctor, and I do the farm work. I like Hornaday's "Animals of North America" and think the pictures are fine. Last fall my sister and I found a ferret in the dog town, and knew it at once by the picture in ST. NICHOLAS. We have taken ST. NICHOLAS two years and don't see how we could do without it.

Your friend,

BOB K—.

HERE is a letter from Canada written by a loyal native of the United States, who has been proud to honor the memory of some brave soldiers. We are sure our readers will agree with us in heartily commending the patriotic tribute this American girl and her friends have rendered to the fallen heroes:

CAP ROUGE, QUEBEC, CANADA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am about to tell you of an event which I think will interest some of our patriotic young countrymen.

One evening last December papa saw in the Quebec papers that workmen in repairing the floor of an old military prison, now the military store-house, had unearthed the bones of thirteen soldiers who were killed in the attack on Quebec early in the morning of December 31, 1775, with their general, the brave Montgomery.

A few days afterward papa took my sister and me to visit these old buildings. An old soldier in charge, named Lewis, gladly showed us through the funny old stone structure which backs into the earth of the fortification walls with its dark narrow passages, the little half-un-

museum in Quebec, but the other still remains where it was first laid.

We asked papa to let us raise a subscription among our young American friends, to place a tablet in the wall of the building to the memory of these poor soldiers.

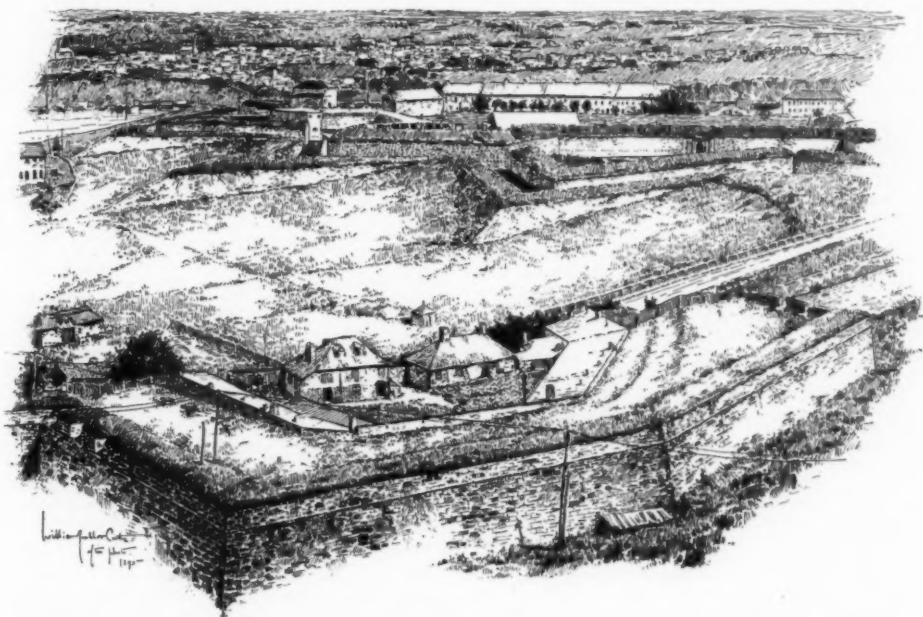
In a short time we received a large enough amount, and the tablet is now being made. It will bear this inscription:

"Beneath this tablet repose the remains of thirteen American soldiers of General Montgomery's army, who were killed in the assault on Quebec, December 31, 1775. Placed to their memory by several American children."

In the citadel is a little brass cannon which was captured from the Americans by the British at Bunker Hill. But, as was said by a young American lady, to whom it was shown by the young officer, "You have the cannon, but we have Bunker Hill."

Quebec is everywhere full of historical associations, and we are now living on the spot where the first European colony was attempted on this continent as early as 1542 by Jacques Cartier and Roberval. Later it was held as an outpost by the Americans in 1775.

Yours sincerely, FRANCES I. FAIRCHILD.



OLD MILITARY PRISON, QUEBEC. DRAWN, BY PERMISSION, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. E. LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC. GENERAL MONTGOMERY AND HIS AIDES WERE BURIED IN THE COURT-YARD. IN THE BUILDING HALF-INCLOSED IN THE EARTHWORKS WERE FOUND THE BODIES OF THE SOLDIERS WHO WERE KILLED WITH THE GENERAL.

derground cells, and the room in which the remains of the soldiers were reinterred.

He also showed us a rusty pair of scissors found at the side of one of the bodies, just about where the breast-pocket of his uniform would be.

The bodies of General Montgomery and his two *aides-de-camp* were buried just outside of the walls of this building, but the general's remains were removed in 1818 to New York city, and reburied under a monument in the rear of St. Paul's Church.

The body of one of his *aides* is now in the military

ORPHAN HOUSE, COOPERSTOWN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have, through a kind friend, taken ST. NICHOLAS three years; but during that time I have never seen in it a letter from Cooperstown, and especially from an orphanage, and I hope this one will be published. This is an orphan house that was founded by Susan Fenimore Cooper. All of your readers must know who Miss Cooper was, for she wrote many stories for ST. NICHOLAS; indeed, one of her last stories, entitled, "The Cherry-Colored Purse," was written for the ST. NICHOLAS. One week from the time she gave

us such a happy Christmas she died. She loved us all very much. All of us who are old enough help do the work and go to school.

We have a donkey here, which we bought with money we earned by selling flowers, and now we sell more flowers with her help. She draws a cartful around; and one of us sells them. We have two carts for her—one that we call her work-cart, and one that we use when we ride out. Besides these we have a little deer-sleigh, that the same kind friend who presented you gave us.

We gave an entertainment here, consisting of drills, marches, and songs. We sold fancy and useful articles. "Miss Muggs," the donkey's, pictures were also on sale.

Your stories are very interesting. I like "Toinette's Philip," "Lady Jane," and the short stories, especially "Owney of the Mail-car." Your stories of natural history are also very interesting.

We all remain your most faithful readers, LENA V. T—, for all of the children at the orphanage.

COOPERSTOWN, OTSEGO CO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we never have seen any letter from here, we thought you would like to know about some of your readers. We all like "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and the "Boy of the First Empire."

We are two boys of the orphanage which Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper founded. Miss Cooper always liked children, and the children always called her their "Orphan Mother."

Miss Cooper used to write stories for your magazine, and before ST. NICHOLAS included "Wide Awake" she wrote for that.

The last story of hers in your magazine was "The Cherry-Colored Purse." We have a donkey we call "Muggs," and a nice cart for her.

We have two base-ball teams—one we named, after Miss Cooper, the S. F. C. We bought our suits by selling nuts. We now close. Your loving readers.

FRANCIS J. I—,
LESLIE E. O—.

BISHOP ROBERTSON HALL, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In all the letters I have seen in the box there have been so few from army girls, that I thought I would write. My papa is a captain in the Eighth Regiment of cavalry, which has been stationed for some time at Fort Meade, South Dakota.

Papa is on detached service and has been at Jefferson Barracks, but expects to rejoin his regiment soon.

I go to Jefferson Barracks every week, although I am at boarding-school, leaving here Friday afternoon and returning Monday morning in time for school, boarding through the week. I am writing from school.

Last year Virginia W— and I roomed together. Perhaps you may remember that you printed a letter from her some time ago. I do not remember just when. It seemed so funny, we were such friends, and both Virginias; one from the army and one from the navy.

We were called "Big V" and "Little V" to distinguish us—she being larger as well as older than I. She has gone away now, and I miss her more than you can think.

I remain a faithful reader, VIRGINIA J—.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed, in the May number for 1895 in the "Rhymes of the States" on page 611, the foot-note giving the meaning of Minnesota. According to Neill's "History of Minnesota" it is not correct. The following extract is taken from Neill's history, on page 51 of the introduction:

"From the fact that the word signifies neither white nor blue, but the peculiar appearance of the sky on certain days, the Historical Society publications define Minnesota to mean the *sky-tinted* water, which is certainly poetic, and, according to Gideon H. Pond, one of the best Dakota scholars, correct."

I have never written to you before, although you have been in our family since 1873. I loved the stories of "Toinette's Philip" and "Lady Jane," and am enjoying "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" and "The Boy of the First Empire" very much.

Your devoted admirer, HELEN D—.

We thank our vigilant young correspondent, whose letter is certainly very convincing. But there are wide differences of opinion among authorities upon the meaning of Minnesota. Townsend in his book "U. S." gives (page 59) five meanings to "sota"—*muddy, clear, green, turbid, blue*; Rand and McNally's atlas gives *cloudy*.

In fact, authorities differ so that one may well doubt which is the true meaning, or whether the true meaning is known with certainty.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you what my little sisters said a good while ago. The elder is Katharine, and the other is Ellen. Katharine took something Ellen did not wish her to have, and she said, screwing her face up: "Katharine, papa read in the Bible this morning, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

"Yes," answered Katharine, "and he also read, 'Thou shalt not wear false faces against thy neighbor.'"

Hoping you will print this, I remain your loving little friend,
FRANCES H. McI—.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about my papa's Indian collection and other old things. He has one large room of which the walls are entirely covered with Indian relics. Over the walls there is a small shelf which extends all around the room, and upon that stands antique china. The room is furnished with old furniture, and he has some old chairs that were in Washington's study. I remain your loving reader,

E. ADÉLE R—.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Horace H. F., Harry M., Helen E. M., S. Emerson K., Margaret D. C., Bettie and Pattie H., Nannie H., Elinor R. F., Margaret S., Winfield and Stanley S. A., Esther V., Sally H., Ollie M. P., Townsend C. W., Willetta B., Marion A. B., Arthur A., Lottie M. P., Jessie K., Edwin B. F., Anna M. McK., Eric K., Bessie, Harriet S., Julia C., Florence A. H., Annie H., C. A. S., Olive W. S., Douglas C. S., Bertha L., Nathalie H., Louise I.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

OCTAGON. 1. Ram. 2. Rabid. 3. Abide. 4. Middy. 5. Day.
 OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Ate. 3. Story. 4. Error. 5. Yojan.
 6. Raked. 7. Negus. 8. Duped. 9. Sepia. 10. Dirge. 11. Agist.
 12. Essay. 13. Tan. 14. V.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Lug. 3. Lamia. 4. Summary. 5. Giant.
 6. Art. 7. V. II. 1. F. 2. Rld. 3. Raced. 4. Fiction. 5. Deign.
 6. Don. 7. N.

ZIGZAG. "Sick Man of the East." 1. Stop. 2. Sign. 3. Rice.
 4. Peck. 5. Some. 6. Part. 7. Nine. 8. Foot. 9. Rift. 10. Grit.
 11. Echo. 12. Rear. 13. Espy. 14. Nail. 15. Fuss. 16. Plot.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Steam. 1. Mast. 2. Am. 3. Mat. 4. At.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Mary Lester and Harry—Ella and Co.—Arthur Gride—Josephine Sherwood—Helen C. McCleary—L. O. E.—M. McG.—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Paul Reese—J. T. S. and W. L. S.—George Bancroft Fernald—W. L.—Mary and Virgie—Mama and Jamie—G. B. D. and M.—No Name, "Back Bay"—"Jersey Quartette"—"Lord Clive"—Charles Remington Adams—Grace L. Van B. Gray—Mabel Snow and Dorothy Swinburne—"Delaware"—Emma S. Jersey—Addison Neil Clark—"Two Romans"—Charles Travis—Kenyon N.—Helen Rogers—"Hilltop Farm"—Maggie Hopkins—"A Family Affair"—Fay A. Merrick—Edith, Jo, and Betty—Effie K. Talboys—"A Proud Pair"—"Four Weeks of Kane"—Alice W. Gibson—Jo and I—Walter L. Haight—Blanche and Fred—The Spencers—Franklyn Farnsworth—Louise Ingham Adams—"Brownie Band"—"Alpha Tau Omicron"—Ruth—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Isabel H. Noble—Eddie N. Moore—Kate S. Doty and Hilda V. K. Swift—"Jacobii"—"Dad and Bill"—Sarah S. Field—"Duck"—Two little Brothers—Fred and Gordon Brown—Florence and Grandma—"Tod and Yam"—Jack and George A.—Harry and Roy Williams—Robert S. Clement—Harry and Helene—Harry Powell—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Edna Jubring, 1—S. J. S. and E. D. S., Jr., 2—B. G. M., 1—"Grasshopper," 1—Frank Lyon, 1—G. B. Dyer, 9—Robert Smith, 1—Elise R. F., 2—M. R. Everett, 1—Bernice Bell, 1—M. A. Sinson, 1—J. W. Sinson, 1—Madeleine Johnson, 1—Lillie Hay, 1—Victor J. West, 3—H. A. P., Newark, 1—Mama and Sadie, 10—Louisa Du Brul, 3—Lucile Talbot, 2—Mamie Hobson and Undine Kells, 2—John R. Kuhlke, 2—Mother and I, 3—Willie, Ruth, Johnny, and Marian Cutter, 4—Claude Rakestraw, 1—"Patrick," 1—Mary Stuckney, 10—Helen A. Choate, 7—A. E. and H. G. E., 10—Fritzie Comstock, 1—Eugene T. Walter, 3—Fred S. Ackley, 1—Mary F. Stone, 7—Wm. J. Howell, 1—Harold A. Fisher, 4—"Tribby," 4—Grace Smith and Anne Smart, 4—Tommy, Billy, and Charley, 6—Eddie Morelli, 1—Violet Smith Green, 8—Everett W. Nourse, 4—Jessie Buchanan, 4—John W. Brotherton, 4—H. A. Sparkman, 3—Madge Thompson, 1—Rella Miriam Low, 3—F. F. de R., 1—Jeanne, 8—Mama, Edward, and Harriet, 10—Agnes Jones, 1—N. P. S., 7—Marion C. Hubbard, 1—G. S. Corlew, 1—Rosebud E. Hecht, 6—Lottie Sjöstedt, 5—Grace Busenbark, 1—Stuart Hay, 1—Irma F. Rothschild, 1—Carrie de F. P., 1—E. de L. Q., 6—M. Riney, 3—Lucy, Marjorie, and Murray, 5—Katharine D. Hull, 1—M. S. Williams, 2—Gladys Peck, 2—Allan W. Pattee, 1—Adelaide M. Gaither, 8—Marguerite Sturdy, 10—Paul Rowley, 10—No Name, Newport, 2—Rusty H., 9—C. F. Barrows, 4—"The Butterflies," 10—Debe, 1—A. K. P., 2—W. S. and S. S. Aberneder, 5—Dudley Wilcox, 1—Aro and Charles Lewis, 5—Oskeyl H. C., 3—W. Putnam, 4—M. and A. Bright, 2—Mama and Margaret, 5—W. W. Middleton and R. B. Creedy, 3—Mary C. and Bessie W., 9—Sybil Falgrave, 3—Herr Tiemann, 2—Elna T. Darby, 8—"Lany and I," Scranton, 7—Laura and Virginia, 5—Burtie Benham, 3—Sadie W. Hubbard, 9—Albert Smith Faught, 7—Anna and Jean Eisenhower, 11—Lucy and Eddie H., 3—Mary McKee, 4—Dudley, Minnie, and George, 8—"Two Solomons," 8—"Merry and Co.," 10—Clara A. Anthony, 8—G. F. and E. F., 10—Laura M. Zinser, 9—M. R. Kennedy, 5—Bob Bright, 8—Paul Schmidt, 5—Alice M. Kurtz, 4—Marjory Gane, 9—David S. Pratt, 9—Lewis and Fanny Kollock, 8—"We Girls," 1—The J's, 2—Karl G. Smith, 1—Katie and Charlie, 5—Harry Mather, 1—Melville Dale, 3—"Nemo," 6—Jean D. Egleston, 8—Emma L. Garrison, 2—"Embla," 10.

ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous American frigate, and the third row, the name given to her in a famous poem.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To murmur softly. 2. One who ogles. 3. The Arctic fulmar. 4. A very large nail. 5. Fatigued. 6. Graven images. 7. Stretched tightly. 8. To rip apart. 9. Hackneyed. 10. A country in Southern Asia. 11. Fleshy. 12. Pertaining to the nose.

L. W.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the thirteen cross-words contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter, and ending with the lower right-hand letter), will spell two familiar words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the Southern States (two words). 2. A famous orator, born in New Hampshire (two words). 3. A general name given to one of the early settlers of New York (one word). 4. An old name for New York (two words). 5. An invention for communicating with people at a distance, preceded by the name of its inventor (two words). 6. The body of water between South Carolina and Georgia (two words). 7. A famous cargo carried by the "Great Eastern" (two words). 8. An important water-way of Maine (two words). 9. The most famous residence in the city of

Washington (three words). 10. A vessel and its name, always associated with the Pilgrim Fathers (two words). 11. The name of the twelfth president of the United States (two words). 12. An inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, in Virginia and Maryland (two words). 13. The "Old Bay State" (one word). "BRONX."

NOVEL HOUR-GLASS.

1 4
 *
 *
 *
 *
 3 2

THE diagonals, from 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, both spell the name of the same celebrated Frenchman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To take the dimensions of. 2. To command. 3. An untruth. 4. In fiddle. 5. A sheltered place. 6. Not the same. 7. An official command. PERCY SPRATT.

DIAMOND.

1. IN buoy. 2. A woman devoted to a religious life. 3. Celebrated. 4. An apartment in a house where butter and milk are kept. 5. Very poor. 6. Free from moisture. 7. IN buoy. "UNCLE WILL."

HIDDEN PRESIDENTS.

SELECT one letter from every word, and spell out the name of a President of the United States from each of the following sentences.

Example: aCt weLl Every liVly comEdy tiLl All eNdS splenDidly. Answer, Cleveland.

1. Rejoice over these friendly strangers and treat them honestly.

2. Well, this certainly looks beautiful; and my mother shall have for her birthday something more novel.

3. Major Carter remarked more especially about supplying all our footmen with some cold dinners.

4. Great men sometimes are discouraged, even with small things, which might only encourage others to action.

5. If your family never lacked shelter in any perilous time, they are lucky indeed.

6. Just ask my sister; she makes plenty of children's frocks.

H. W. E.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



EACH of the twelve small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of an intrepid American general born in 1745.

MISSING LETTERS.

PLACE two letters before the following syllables, and they will form words, according to sound. When the figure 2 or 3 follows the syllable, it shows that there are 2 or 3 different combinations of letters that may be used. Example, gy (2). Answer, l-e-gy, or f-e-gy. Example, phant. Answer, l-e-phat.

1. Ment. 2. Vate. 3. Ary (2). 4. Teric (2). 5. Rior. 6. Late. 7. Cle (3). 8. Ate (3). 9. Nate. 10. Fy.

11. Dine. 12. Ry. 13. Cute. 14. Cent. 15. Lent. 16. Ent. 17. Ing. 18. Tial. 19. Gant. 20. Dite. 21. Rate. 22. Anic. 23. Thing. 24. Did. 25. Metric. 26. Dide. 27. Ficial. 28. Quent. 29. Inate. 30. Grant. 31. Plify. 32. Rience. J. E. SHARWOOD.

ORNAMENTAL SQUARE.

1	28	4	5	9	8
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2	.	.	.	3	.	.	.	6	.	7
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26	27	10	11
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25	24	13	12
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21	.	.	.	20	17	16
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22	23	19	18	14	15

FROM 1 to 2, a brief sleep; from 2 to 3, to ward off; from 3 to 4, a vegetable; from 4 to 5, a very large number; from 5 to 6, a feminine nickname; from 6 to 7, a country in South Africa; from 7 to 8, a sheltered place; from 8 to 9, a long space of time; from 9 to 10, an indentation; from 10 to 11, a covering for the head; from 11 to 12, a straight line touching a curved one; from 12 to 13, a metal; from 13 to 14, a point of the compass; from 14 to 15, a coal-scuttle; from 15 to 16, suitable; from 16 to 17, a fault; from 17 to 18, a bone; from 18 to 19, gold or silver in the mass; from 19 to 20, a conjunction; from 20 to 21, ceremonies; from 21 to 22, the juice of plants; from 22 to 23, full value; from 23 to 24, fixed allowances; from 24 to 25, a drunkard; from 25 to 26, extreme pain; from 26 to 27, a masculine nickname; from 27 to 28, to wed; from 28 to 1, at a distance, but within view.

L. H. HAZELTINE.

MIXED SYLLABLES.

BUL—bon—let—pup—out—rot—car—net—son—dam—cut—pet—par.

Out of these thirteen syllables form thirteen two-syllabled words meaning: 1. The Persian nightingale. 2. A tropical bird. 3. A vegetable. 4. A clergyman. 5. A covering for the floor. 6. A small ball. 7. A covering for the head. 8. A small piece of meat. 9. A variety of plum. 10. An exit. 11. A short poem. 12. A doll. 13. A sugarplum. PLEASANT E. TODD.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To wind or fold together. 2. A stout cord. 3. Mimics. 4. That which is troublesome or destructive.

WORD-BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and add one letter at a time, rearranging them to form the required words.

1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A heavy weight. 4. A brief communication. 5. Softens. 6. A short poem. 7. Intense effort. 8. Certain annuities. 9. Balms. "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

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"SOME DAY, PUSSY, WE 'LL GO TO AMERICA."